

The TATTER



FEB. 19, 1958

& BYSTANDER

DEBUTANTE NUMBER
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(Right)

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White; Apple-Blossom; Black.

Sizes: Small, Medium, Large. **47/6**

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(Right)

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(Left)

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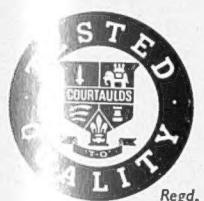
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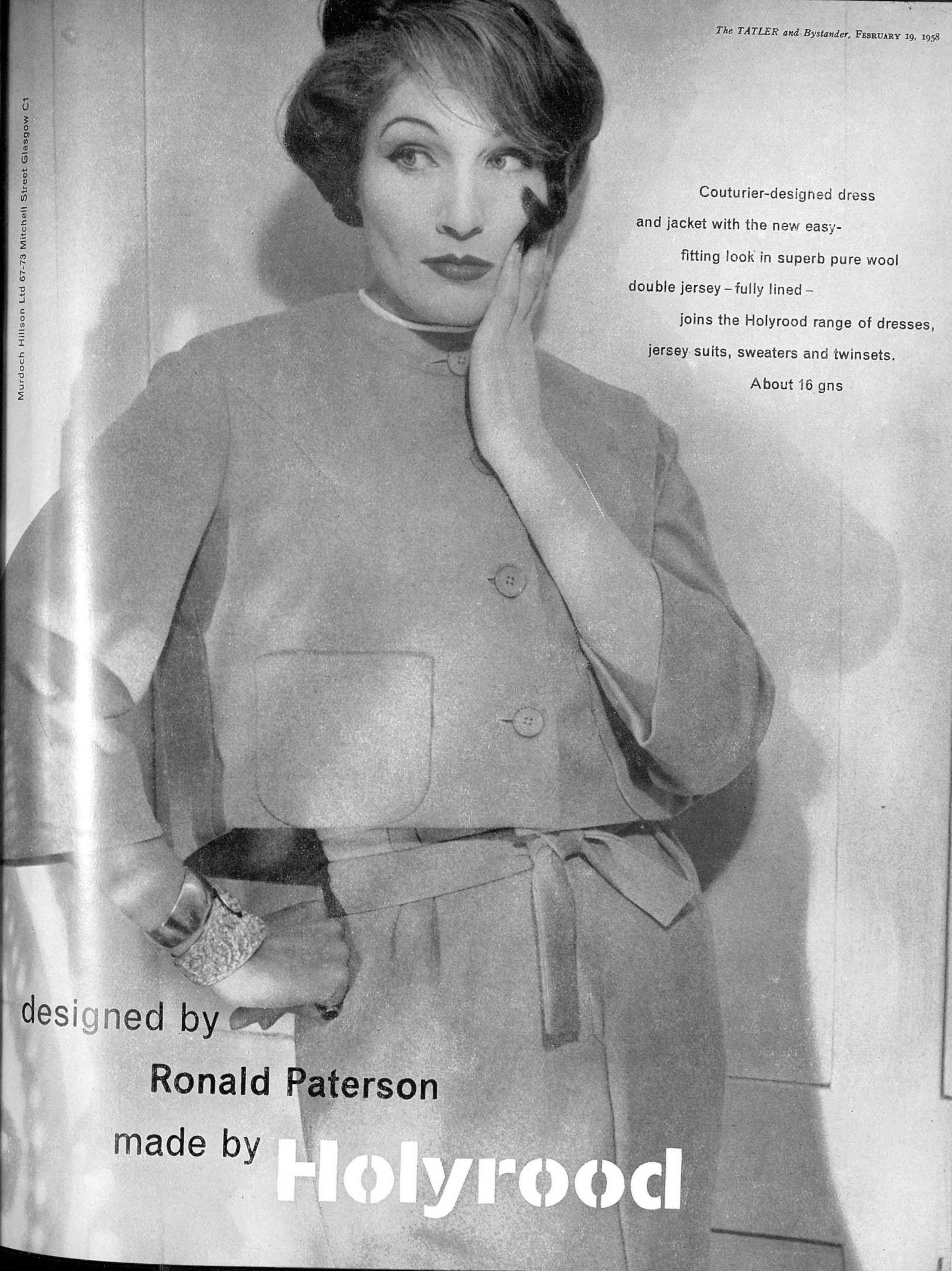
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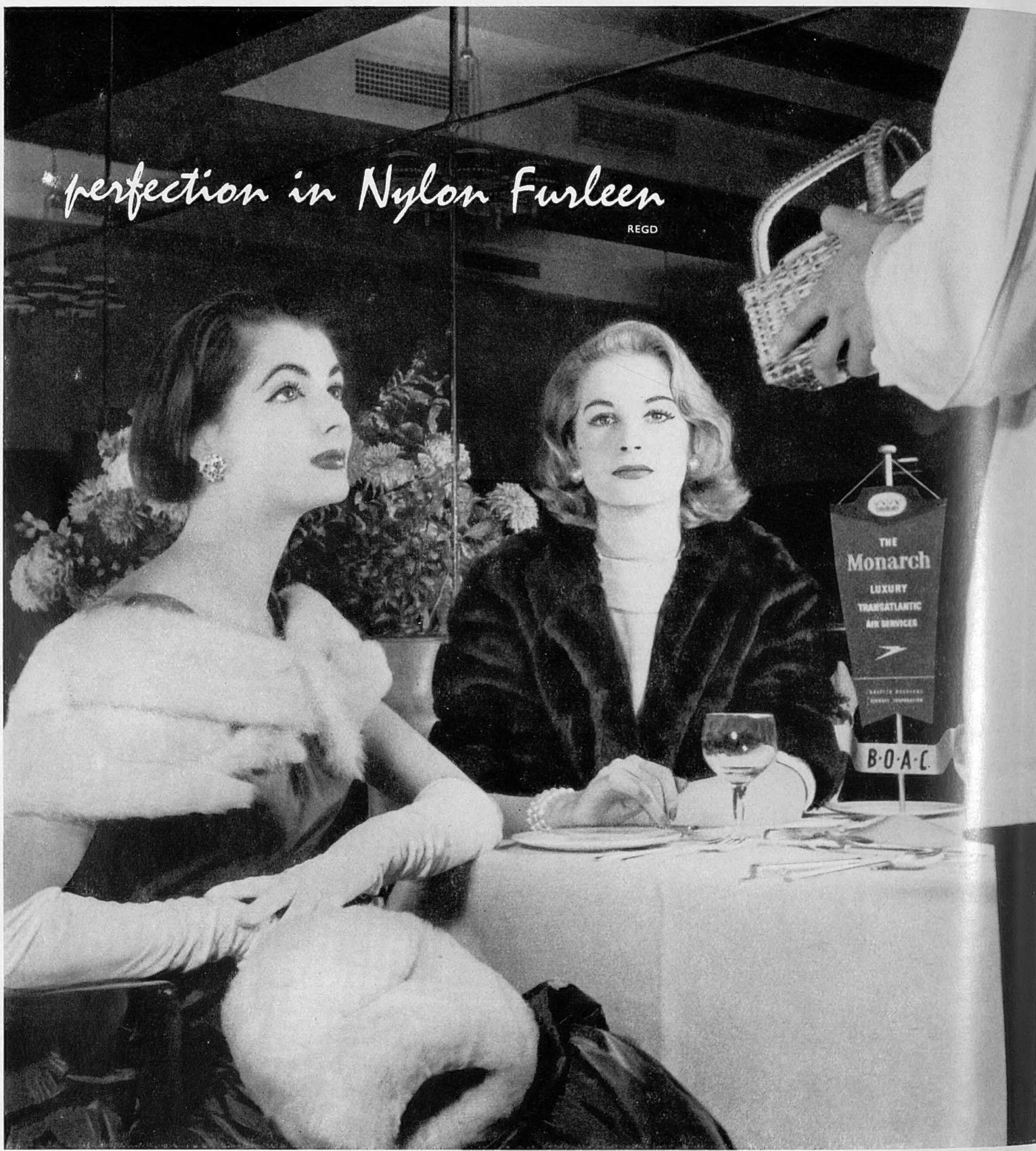
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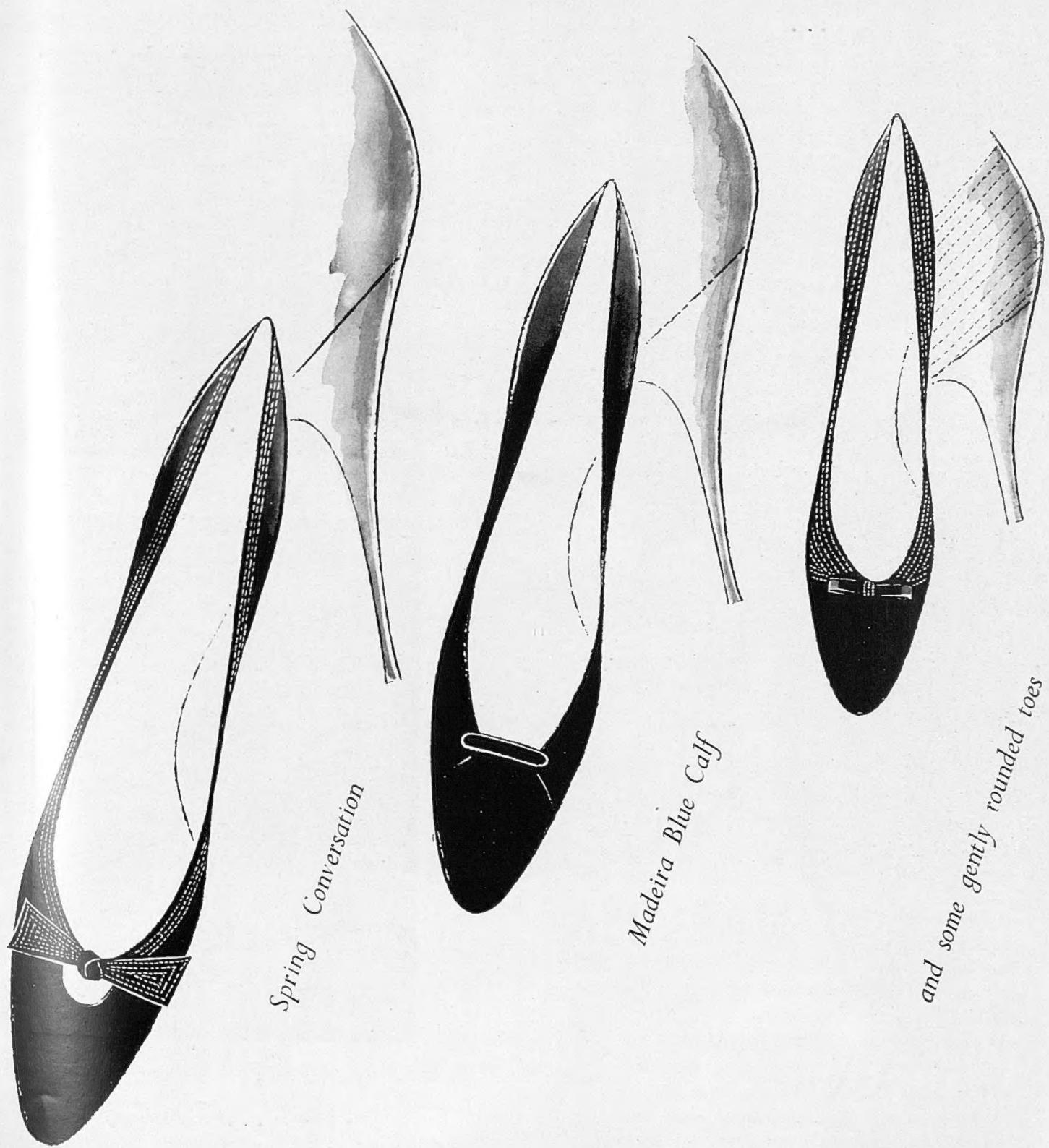
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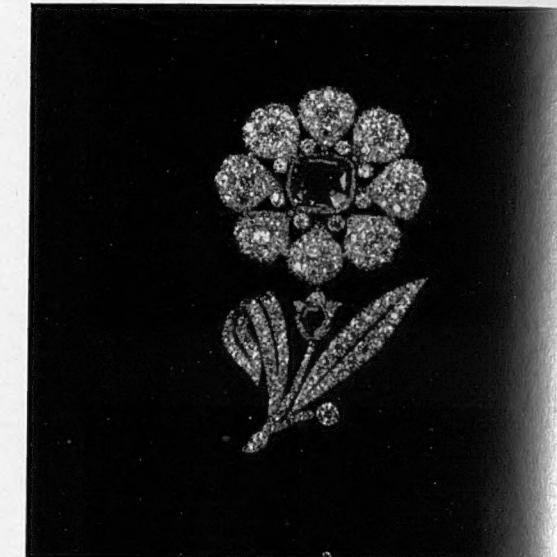
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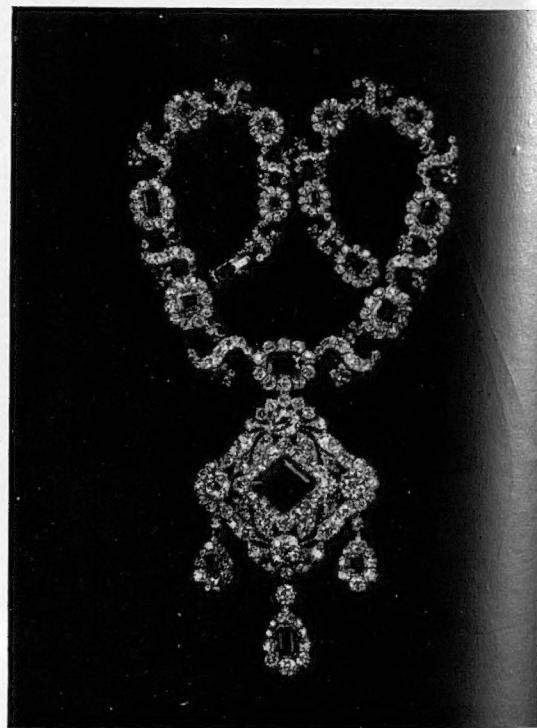
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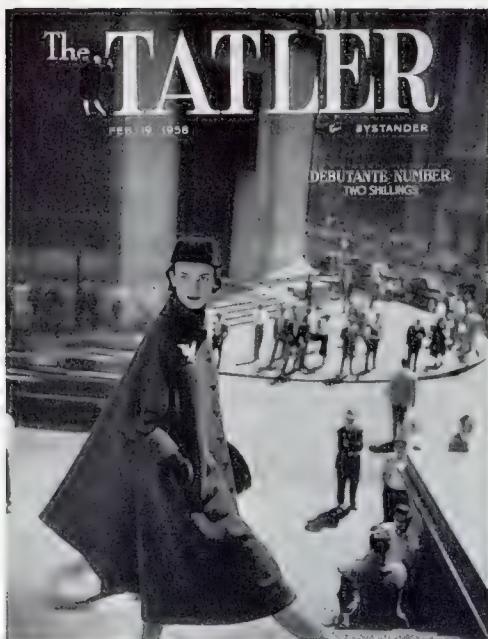
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THE DEBUTANTE NUMBER of The TATLER is designed to help those who are bringing out daughters this year, and gives information on a wide variety of subjects ranging from clothes and accessories for the Season's big occasions, to details on entertaining. In the pages of Jennifer's Social Journal there is a list of private dances being given for debutantes this year, and the dates of traditional events of the Season

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POSTAGE: Inland 4d. Canada 1½d. Foreign 5½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.

Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number) £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number) £3 5s. (with Christmas number) £3 1s. Three months (no extras) £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s. £1 7s 6d U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.00, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

Diary of the week

FROM 20 FEBRUARY TO 26 FEBRUARY

THURSDAY 20 FEBRUARY

First night: *Where's Charley?* at the Palace Theatre.

Opera: *La Sonnambula* at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Musical comedy: The Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society production of *The Dancing Years* (and 21, 22) at the Scala Theatre.

Steeplechasing at Worcester.

FRIDAY 21 FEBRUARY

Luncheon: Sir Roger Makins will speak at the George Washington Birthday Luncheon at the American Women's Club, 1a Queen's Gate.

Opera: *Andrea Chenier* at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

Steeplechasing at Sandown Park and Catterick Bridge.

SATURDAY 22 FEBRUARY

Hockey: Oxford University v. Cambridge University at Edgbaston.

Point-to-Points: The Norwich Staghounds at Hethersett and the United Services at Larkhill.

Steeplechasing at Sandown Park, Catterick Bridge, and Warwick.

SUNDAY 23 FEBRUARY

Recital: Jan Smeterlin will give a Chopin Recital at the Royal Festival Hall, 3 p.m.

MONDAY 24 FEBRUARY

Steeplechasing at Birmingham.

TUESDAY 25 FEBRUARY

Lecture: Mr. and Mrs. Eric Hiscock will give a lecture at Church House, Westminster, in aid of the Royal Yachting Association Olympic Training Fund; Prince Philip will be present.

First night: *The Sport of My Mad Mother* at the Royal Court.

Steeplechasing at Birmingham.

WEDNESDAY 26 FEBRUARY

Luncheon: The Parliamentary and Scientific Committee's Annual Luncheon at the Savoy will be attended by Prince Philip.

Yachting: Annual General Meeting of the Royal Yachting Association at Caxton Hall; Prince Philip will be present.

Cinema: Dinner to mark the 10th anniversary of the British Film Academy at the Hyde Park Hotel; Prince Philip will attend.

First night: *Hunter's Moon* at the Winter Garden Theatre.

Steeplechasing at Windsor.

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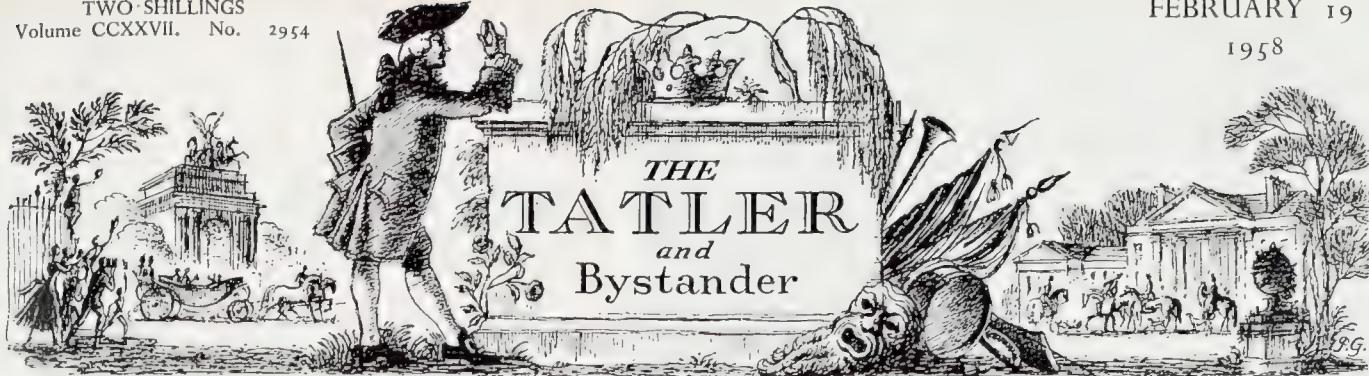
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F. J. Goodman

The debutante niece of a Royal Duchess

Miss Georgina Montagu-Douglas-Scott is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady George Scott. The Duchess of Gloucester is one of her aunts, and the Duke of Buccleuch an uncle. She is here standing by a mural in the Chelsea studio of her mother, perhaps better known in the artistic world as the talented painter

Mollie Bishop, who is renowned particularly for her pictures of children. Miss Scott, whose country home is at Ramsbury in Wiltshire, is to share a dance at the Dorchester on July 10 with Miss Zia Foxwell, daughter of Mr. Ivan Foxwell, the film producer, and Lady Edith Foxwell, a relative of the Earl of Cavan

Jennifer

BRILLIANT VISTA OF

THE social season of 1958 looks like being an exceptionally full one. To begin with there are three afternoon Presentation parties at Buckingham Palace instead of the usual two (on March 18, 19 and 20). This is the last year of these parties, and as a result there has been a record number of applications to present family and friends. One mother I heard of is presenting her debutante daughter and three married daughters all at the same time!

Another alteration is that the Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's has been put forward a week to July 4-5, so that it now coincides with the finals of Henley Regatta and the finals of the All-England Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon.

There are, as in other years, a great number of cocktail parties, fork luncheon parties and other informal parties for debutantes as well as the "coming-out" dances. Below I give a list of the cocktail parties and dances I have heard of so far, and the other dates of interest for a debutante's diary.

DEBUTANTE COCKTAIL PARTIES

February 24. The Hon. Lady Lowson for Miss Melanie Lowson (who is also having a girls' luncheon party at the Dorchester on March 17).
 March 17. Mrs. Murray Prain and Mrs. Henry Wenger for Miss Tessa Prain and Miss Celia Wenger.
 March 18. Mr. John Mathias for his niece Mlle. Hélène de Bismarck; Also Mrs. Barrett for Miss Deborah Jowitt (second cocktail party on May 5).
 March 19. The Hon. Mrs. Hugh MacDonald and Mrs. Arthur Crocker-Poole for their daughters Miss Victoria Nicholson and Miss Sally Crocker-Poole.
 March 20. Mrs. Brackenbury and Mrs. C. D. Blackett for Miss Juliet Brackenbury and Miss Lucinda Blackett.
 March 21. Mrs. Loris E. Mather for granddaughters Miss Gillian and Miss Jennifer Mather, and Miss Christian Garforth-Bles.
 March 24. Mrs. Laurence York and Mrs. Harry Phillimore for Miss Sonia York and Miss Sarah Phillimore.
 March 25. The Countess of Cottenham for Lady Davina Pepys at the Dorchester; also Mrs. Barry Stevens for Miss Auriel Stevens.
 March 27. Mrs. Peter Agnew for Miss Penelope Agnew.
 April 8. The Hon. Lady Wroxton-Becher for her daughter Miss Alexandra Bridgewater and for Miss Georgina Milner.
 April 10. Mrs. David Drummond and the Hon. Mrs. Bowby for their daughters Miss Philippa Drummond and Miss Penelope Graham.
 April 16. Mrs. Andrew Atha for Miss Amanda Atha; Mrs. Buster Andrews and Mrs. Duncan Kirk, debutantes' luncheon party at the Bath Club.
 April 24. Mrs. Versen for Miss Alexandra Versen.
 May 5. Mrs. Barrett for Miss Deborah Jowitt (on her birthday).
 May 9. Mrs. Stephen Mackenzie for Miss Diana Mackenzie.
 May 14. Mrs. T. H. Lawley for Miss Penelope Lawley.
 May 21. Mrs. Farrant Gillham for Miss Pauline Gillham.
 May 28. Mrs. Paul Gallegos for Miss Pauline Gallegos.
 June 2. Mrs. Gilbert Miller for her grandniece Miss Julienne Michel.
 June 10. Lord Selsdon and Mrs. Simon Sitwell for their daughter the Hon. Gail Mitchell-Thomson.
 December 10. Mrs. Duncan Kirk for Miss Diane Kirk.

THE COMING-OUT DANCES

The debutante dances begin on March 20 when Lady Northbourne gives a cocktail dance for the Hon. Katherine James in London.
 April 10. Mrs. Stephen Lyttelton and Mrs. John Tweedie, cocktail dance for Miss Kathleen Lyttelton and Miss Margaret Tweedie at the Hyde Park Hotel.
 April 12. Mrs. Briton Horlock, dance for Miss Susan Horlock, at Royston, Frinton.
 April 16. Mrs. Kent Taylor, cocktail dance for Miss Allegra Taylor in London; also Mrs. Max Freeman, dance for Miss Fiona Freeman, at Farnham Castle, Surrey.
 April 19. Mrs. John Gingold and Mrs. Bernard Kemp-Gee, cocktail dance for Miss Gillian Gingold and Miss Sally Kemp-Gee, at the American Embassy.
 April 23. Mrs. Charles Platt Williams, dance for her granddaughters Miss Susan Ashley Merewether and Miss Frances Elisabeth Gordon-Duff, in London.
 April 24. Mrs. George Frost, small dinner-dance for Miss Leonora Frost at the Normandie Hotel.
 April 26. Mrs. Selwyn Jephson and Mrs. Trevylyan Napier for Miss Judy Jephson, Miss Lavinia and Miss Anne Napier, at Milton Abbey, Dorset.
 April 30. Mrs. Prideaux for Miss Anne Prideaux at the Hyde Park Hotel.

F. J. Goodman

MISS CHRISTA SLATER is the only daughter of the late W/Cdr. J. H. Slater, and of Mrs. Geoffrey Rootes. Her stepfather is the eldest son of Sir William Rootes, G.B.E., the motor manufacturer. Miss Slater, who is being presented by her mother, will be having a dance at her home, Ladbroke Hall, Ladbroke, near Leamington Spa, where this photograph was taken. She finished her education at school in Switzerland and Paris studying the arts, especially music, and also languages



LAST ROYAL SEASON

May 1. Mrs. Alec Mason for her daughter Miss Catherine Hawke at Hurlingham Club.
 May 6. Queen Charlotte's Ball for debutantes. Grosvenor House.
 May 9. Lady Robert Crichton-Stuart for her niece Miss Angela Crichton-Stuart and Lady Jane Nelson for her daughter Miss Sally Nelson, at Cornwell Manor, Kingham, Oxfordshire; also Mrs. Twining and Mrs. Bradshaw for Miss Jean Twining and Miss Annette Bradshaw, at the Hyde Park Hotel.
 May 10. Mrs. Henry Wenger for Miss Celia Wenger, at Aston Hall, Aston-by-Stone, Staffordshire.
 May 12. The Hon. Lady Lawson for Miss Melanie Lawson, in the Savoy Restaurant.
 May 13. The Countess of Gosford and Lady Hawke, for Lady Caroline Acheson and the Hon. Annabel Hawke, at 6 Belgrave Square.
 May 14. Mr. C. G. Prevost for his daughters Miss Yvette and Miss Annette Prevost at Hurlingham Club.
 May 17. Mrs. Denis Griffiths for Miss Davina Griffiths at Orlingbury Hall, near Kettering; also Mrs. Aubrey Burke for Miss Miranda Burke, in the country.
 May 20. Mrs. Leo Callender and Mrs. Hugh Fletcher for Miss Mary Callender and Miss Sarah Fletcher, at 6 Belgrave Square.
 May 21. Lady Eden for Miss Elfrida Eden, at 41 Victoria Road.
 May 22. Mrs. Jack Steinberg for Miss Raymonde Steinberg, at Claridge's.
 May 24. The Hon. Mrs. Hugh MacDonald for her daughter Miss Victoria Nicholson and twenty-first birthday of her son Mr. Richard Nicholson, at Woodcote House, Whitchurch, Hampshire; also Mrs. Milner for Miss Sally Anne Milner and for coming of age of Mr. John Ross, Somerbury Manor, Ewhurst.
 May 27. The Earl of Dudley for his niece Miss Georgina Ward, at the Dorchester.
 May 28. The Hon. Mrs. Charles Bathurst Norman, Mrs. H. Bathurst Norman, and Mrs. Edward Windley for Miss Victoria Norman, Miss Rose Norman and Miss Davina Windley, at 6 Belgrave Square.
 May 29. Mr. Brian Gooch for Miss Mary Elise Gooch, and twenty-first birthday of her son Mr. Arthur Gooch, at 6 Belgrave Square.
 May 30. Miss Diana Turner for Miss Georgina Turner, at Avington Manor, Hungerford.
 May 31. Mrs. Struan Robertson and Mrs. T. Whitaker for Miss Virginia Robertson and Miss Virginia Whitaker at Bentworth, Alton (kindly lent by Mrs. F. F. Holdroyd).

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June 2. The Dowager Marchioness of Bute and Lady David Stuart for Lady Fiona Crichton-Stuart and Miss Flora Stuart in the River Room at the Savoy.
 June 3. Mrs. Gerald Hamilton and Mrs. Algernon Sladen for their daughters Miss Margaret Hamilton and Miss Rinalda Baird, at 6 Belgrave Square.
 June 5. Lady Rosemary Rubens for her daughter Miss Davina Nutting at the Dorchester.
 June 6. Mrs. Lester Andrews, Mrs. Jim Chettle and Mrs. Duncan Kirk jointly for their daughters Miss Maxine Hodson, Miss Dawn Chettle and Miss Diana Kirk, at Elstead Lodge, Elstead, Surrey; also Mrs. Paul Goudime for Miss Alexandra Goudime and her son Mr. Paul Goudime's twenty-first birthday, at Orchard House, St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey, Surrey.
 June 7. Mrs. Clive Pearson and Mrs. Michael Smiley for Miss Miranda Smiley at Paisham Park, Pulborough, Sussex.
 June 9. Sir Gordon and Lady Vereker, small dinner-dance for their granddaughter the Hon. Elizabeth Sidney at Claridge's.
 June 10. Mrs. Gerald MacCarthy and Mrs. Kenneth Burness, small dance for Miss Fiona MacCarthy and Miss Jennifer Burness at the Dorchester.
 June 11. The Hon. Mrs. Casey for Miss Susan Casey at the Hyde Park Hotel; also Mrs. George Tilney and Mrs. Tim Hinde for Miss Gay Tilney and Miss Fenella Hinde in London.
 June 12. Mrs. Riley-Smith for Miss Dominie Riley Smith at Claridge's; also the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry for her granddaughter, the Hon. Camilla Jessel, at Londonderry House.
 June 13. Mrs. Bryan Duran for Miss Jane Duran at Pelham Place, near Alton; also Mrs. H. R. Norman for her daughter Miss Tita Norman and her niece Miss Grania Gurievitch at St. Cleare, Kemsing; and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills for Miss Susan Wills, at Allanby Park, Binfield.
 June 14. Mrs. Geoffrey Rootes for her daughter Miss Christa Slater, at Ladbroke Hall, Warwickshire.
 June 16. Mrs. Derek Hague and Mrs. Ian Skimming for their daughters Miss Caroline Nares and Miss Caroline Butler, in the country.
 June 17. Mrs. Versen for Miss Alexandra Versen, at Pentlands, Englefield Green.
 June 19. The Countess of Iveagh for granddaughter the Hon. Eliza Guinness and her grandniece Lady Teresa Onslow, at Clandon Park, Guildford.
 June 20. The Hon. Mrs. Willoughby Norman for Miss Sarah Norman, in Surrey; also Mrs. Joseph Addison for Miss Jill Addison, at Moor Farm, Frimley Green, Surrey.
 June 21. Mrs. V. H. Deuchar for goddaughter Miss Jinty Calvert and Miss Amanda Calvert at Standon, Ockley, Surrey; also Mrs. Leslie Butler and Mrs. Hugh Gough for Miss Deirdre and Miss Denise Butler and Miss Gillian Gough at East Cliff, Bembridge.



Betty Swaebe

MISS PENELOPE GRAHAM, daughter of Mr. Clive Graham, the racing correspondent and the Hon. Mrs. Bowlby, will be presented next month. She finished her education in Paris and has since her return been taking a secretarial course. At the Cavalry Club in April her mother is giving a cocktail party shared with Mrs. David Drummond for Miss Philippa Drummond, granddaughter of Admiral E. T. Meagher



F. J. Goodman

Mlle. HELENE DE BOSMELET, is being presented in March by the wife of the French Ambassador. She is the daughter of the Baron Pierre de Bosmelet. Her mother is the eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Mathias of Bury Manor, Sussex, and Lees Place, Grosvenor Square. The sedan chair in which she sits was used by her family in the eighteenth century



Betty Swaebe

MISS ZIA FOXWELL is the daughter of Mr. Ivan Foxwell, and Lady Edith Foxwell. Their home is at Sherston in Wiltshire, and they also have a flat in Grosvenor Square. She will share a ball at the Dorchester with Miss Georgina Scott



Yevonde

MISS PENELOPE BUTLER-HENDERSON, seventeen, is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Edward Butler-Henderson, of Lowndes Square. She will share a dance with her cousin, Miss Jean Henderson, at the Hyde Park Hotel in November



Betty

MISS DAVINA NUTTING is the daughter of the late Capt. Edward Nutting. Her mother is Lady Rosemary Rubens, and the 6th Earl of St. Germans was her grandfather. Miss Nutting's dance will be at the Dorchester

June 23. Mrs. Graham Nicoll for Miss Elspeth Nicoll in London; also Mrs. Dennis Poore for her daughter Miss Sandra Farley at 23 Knightsbridge.
 June 24. Mr. F. D. Lygett Green for his grandnieces Miss Alexandra Bridgewater and Miss Georgina Milner at the Hyde Park Hotel.
 June 25. Mrs. Peter Foster for Miss Gay Foster in London.
 June 26. Mrs. Cuthbert for Miss Caroline Cuthbert in London.
 June 27. The Marchioness of Townshend for Lady Carolyn Townshend at Raynham Hall, Norfolk; also Mrs. Whitbread for Miss Elisabeth Whitbread and twenty-first birthday of Mr. Samuel Whitbread, at Southill Park, Biggleswade.
 June 28. Lady Keane and Mrs. Billy Grazebrook for Miss Vivien Keane and Miss Marietta Grazebrook, at Leith Hill Place, Dorking (kindly lent by Lady Wedgewood); also Mrs. William Mather for Miss Gillian Mather and Miss Jennifer Mather at Whirley Hall, Macclesfield; and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield for Miss Fiona Sheffield, at Normanby Park, Lincolnshire.
 June 30. The Dowager Countess of Lauderdale for her granddaughters Lady Anne Maitland and the Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew, at Hurlingham Club.



Lenare

MISS CHRISTINE ELIZABETH STUCLEY, daughter of Sir Dennis Stucley, Bt., of Hartland Abbey. Miss Stucley's mother, the Hon. Lady Stucley, is the daughter of Lord and Lady Poltimore. Her elder sister married the tenth Viscount Boyne in 1956. The Boyne's have lent their home, Burwarton House, Bridgnorth, for the dance Lady Stucley is giving for her daughter

July 1. Lady Hindlip, cocktail dance for the Hon. Penelope Allsopp, in London.
 July 2. Mrs. Hugh Buckingham and Mrs. Colin Groves for Miss Eliza Buckingham and Miss Mary Groves at Speen Farm, Buckinghamshire.
 July 3. Mrs. Arthur Nicoll for Miss Rachel Nicoll at the Savoy; also Lady Beale for Miss Josefa Beale at the Hyde Park Hotel.
 July 7. Lady d'Erlanger for Miss Minnie d'Erlanger in London.
 July 8. Lady Anne Cowdray for her daughter the Hon. Teresa Pearson and for Miss Christina Pretzman, in London; also Mrs. Adrian Gore and Mrs. Hugh Ryder for their daughters Miss Belinda Gore and Miss Sarah Peto at the Hyde Park Hotel.
 July 9. The Hon. Mrs. Suzanne Skyrme for Miss Caroline Skyrme at Phyllis Court Club, Henley-on-Thames.
 July 10. Lady Edith Foxwell and Lady George Scott for Miss Zia Foxwell and Miss Georgina Scott, at the Dorchester.
 July 11. Lady Des Voeux and Mrs. Douglas Pilkington for Miss Elizabeth Des Voeux and Miss Fiona Pilkington at Highclere; also Viscountess Devonport for the Hon. Marilyn Kearley, at Peasmarsh Place, Sussex.
 July 12. Mrs. Anthony Kershaw for Miss Carolyn Kershaw at Angaston Grange, Uley, Gloucestershire.
 July 14. Mrs. Michael Armitage and Mrs. Reginald Crosbie for their daughters Miss Mary and Miss Lucy Armitage (twins), and Miss Patricia Malcolm at the Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead.
 July 15. Mrs. Roger Wethered and Mrs. Henry Ballantyne for their daughters Miss Julia Stratford and Miss Penelope Ballantyne in London.
 July 16. Mrs. Alexander Grant and Mrs. Patrick Lort-Phillips for their daughters Miss Meriel Buxton and Miss Jane Lort-Phillips, and for Mr. David Lort-Phillips' twenty-first birthday at the Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead; also Mrs. Kent Taylor for Miss Allegra Kent Taylor at Hurlingham Club.
 July 17. Mrs. Michael Webster for her daughter Miss Belinda Bucknill at The Vale, Windsor Forest.
 July 18. Mrs. Jock Hunter and Mrs. Uvedale Lambert for Miss Priscilla Hunter and Miss Sarah Jane Lambert at South Park, Bletchingley, Surrey; also Mrs. Anthony Taylor and Mrs. Raymond Barrow (small dance) for Miss Vivien Taylor and Miss Anne Barrow at North Aston Manor, Oxford.
 July 19. Mrs. Hay Gurney for Miss Dawn Gurney, at Higham Lodge, Stratford St. Mary, Suffolk, also Lady Slattery for Miss Michaela Slattery at East Henfold, Bear Green, Dorking.
 July 25. Mrs. Hicks Beach and Mrs. Cyril Darby for Miss Elizabeth Hicks Beach and Miss Cecilia Darby at Witcombe Park, near Gloucester; also Lady Greenaway for Miss Ann Greenaway, at Dunmore, Four Elms, Kent.
 July 26. Mrs. Peter Adams (small dance) for stepdaughter Miss Davan Adams at The Old Rectory, Winchfield, Hampshire; also Mrs. Shepherd-Cross and Mrs. Pryce Jenkins for Miss June Shepherd-Cross and Miss Anne Pryce Jenkins, at The Old Rectory, Brandsby, Yorkshire. Mrs. Thomas Naylor, for Miss Caroline Naylor, in Cheshire.
 July 29. Mr. Robert Mathias for his granddaughter Mlle. Hélène de Bosmelet at Bury Manor, near Pulborough, Sussex.
 July 31. Mrs. Mervyn Hamilton-Fletcher for Miss June Hamilton-Fletcher at Shermanbury Place, Partridge Green, Sussex.

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August 1. Viscountess Bridgeman (small dance) for the Hon. Mary Bridgeman at Leigh Manor, Minsterley, Shropshire; also Mrs. Roland Hebler for Miss Joanna Hebler at Bonwycks Place, Ifield, Sussex.
 August 2. The Hon. Lady Stucley for Miss Christine Stucley at Burwarton House, Bridgnorth.

August 8. Mrs. Calverly Bewicke for Miss April Bewicke at Shawdon Hall, Northumberland.
 August 9. Mrs. Alastair Balfour for her niece Miss Grania Gurievitch, at Dawyck, Stobo, Peeblesshire.
 August 11. Mrs. Blakiston Houston for Miss Elizabeth Blakiston Houston at Beltrum Castle, Co. Tyrone.
 August 16. Mrs. Francis Widdrington for her daughter Miss Christian Garforth-Bles at Newton Hall, Newton-on-the-Moor, Northumberland.
 August 22. Mrs. C. D. Blackett for Miss Lucinda Blackett at Halton Castle, Northumberland.
 August 23. Mrs. Jason Borthwick for Miss Josephine Borthwick at Deepdale House, Brancaster Staithes, Norfolk.

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September 1. Mrs. John Gordon-Duff for her daughter Miss Frances Gordon-Duff, and her niece Miss Susan Merewether, at Meldrum House.
 September 6. Mrs. Roy Smith for her daughter Miss Jean Aykroyd, at Well Hall, Bedale, Yorkshire.
 September 13. Mrs. G. Anthony Cowen for Miss Josephine Cowen, at Apperley Dene, Northumberland.
 September 19. The Hon. Mrs. Lane Fox for Miss Marcia Lane Fox at Bramham Park, Boston Spa, Yorkshire; and Mrs. Douglas Parker and Mrs. Ronald Orr Ewing for Miss Catriona Parker and Miss Janet Orr Ewing, at Keathick, Cooper Angus.
 September 20. Mrs. Everard Radcliffe for Miss Susan Radcliffe at Rudding Park, near Harrogate.
 September 26. Mrs. Guy Chamberlin for Miss Penelope and Miss Susan Chamberlin at Shefford House, near Newbury.
 September 27. Lady Prudence Loudon, small dance for Miss Annabella Loudon.
 September 29. Mrs. G. F. McKay for Miss Margaret McKay, at 23 Knightsbridge.

★ ★ ★

October 2. Lady Hayter and Mrs. Dupree for Miss Teresa Hayter and Miss Delia Dupree in London.
 October 3. Mrs. Charles Wood for Miss Diana Wood at the Dorchester; also Mrs. R. T. Priest and Mrs. J. Churcher, small dance for Miss Joanna Priest and Miss Caroline Churcher, in London.
 October 4. The Countess of Devon for Lady Katherine Courtenay, at Powdham Castle, Devon.
 October 5. Mrs. Turton and Mrs. Craven-Smith-Milnes for Miss Lavinia Turton and Miss Caroline Craven-Smith-Milnes, at the Hyde Park Hotel.
 October 6. Lady Hyde Parker for Miss Elizabeth Hyde Parker at Melford Hall, Suffolk.
 October 7. Mrs. Longland, Mrs. Herbert Hill and Mrs. Guy Bedford, for Miss Erina Longland, Miss Penelope Hill and Miss Mirabel Bedford, in London.
 October 8. Lord Selsdon and Mrs. Simon Sitwell for their daughter the Hon. Lord Mitchell-Thomson and their son the Hon. Malcolm Mitchell-Thomson's twenty-first birthday, in the country.

[Continued on page 348]



Dorothy Wilding

MISS MELANIE LOWSON is the youngest daughter of Sir Denys Lowson, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Lowson, of Brantridge Park, near Cuckfield, Sussex. Sir Denys received his baronetcy in 1951, the year he was Lord Mayor of London. Lady Lowson, daughter of the first Lord Strathcarron, is to give a cocktail party for her daughter this month. In May a coming-out ball will be held at the Savoy



Betty Swaabe

MISS PHILIPPA DRUMMOND, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Drummond, is seventeen. In April her mother is giving a cocktail party for her at the Cavalry Club, shared by Miss Penelope Graham. It will be followed by a series of small evening parties at home



Yevonde

MISS ALEXANDRA GOUDIME, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Goudime, of Orchard House, Chertsey, will be presented by her mother. A dance will be given at their home for Miss Goudime and her brother, who is celebrating his coming of age

Betty Swaabe

MISS DAVAN ADAMS is the daughter of Mr. Peter Adams and granddaughter of Sir George and Lady Legh Jones. Her stepmother, who will present her in March, will also be giving a dance for her at their home, The Old Rectory, Winchfield, Hants



F. J. Goodman

LADY ANNE MAITLAND is the second daughter of the late Viscount Maitland, who was killed in action in 1943, and of the Viscountess Maitland, of Sloane Court West, Chelsea. She is sharing a dance with her cousin, the Hon. Diana Connolly-Carew, on June 30. It will be given by their grandmother, the Dowager Countess of Lauderdale, at the Hurlingham Club



MISS DIANE KIRK is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Duncan Kirk, of Sheaves, Loxwood, Sussex. Her family is a very old Scottish one. She is to share a dance with Miss Maxine Hodson and Miss Dawn Chettle at Elstead Lodge in Surrey. Miss Kirk, who was educated at Eastbourne and in Paris, where she took a drama course, wants to make her career on the stage



F. J. Goodman

MISS GEORGINA MILNER is the daughter of Mr. Mordaunt Milner, of Cape Town, and of the late Mrs. Milner. During her first season she will stay with her cousin, the Hon. Lady Wrixon-Becher, younger daughter of the fourth Lord Vivian. Lady Wrixon-Becher's daughter Miss Alexandra Bridgewater is also coming out this year. Georgina and Alexandra are sharing a coming out dance. It will be given for them on June 24 at the Hyde Park Hotel by their great-uncle, Mr. F. D. Lycett Green



F. J. Goodman

MISS MINNIE D'ERLANGER is the second daughter of Sir Gerard D'Erlanger, Chairman of B.O.A.C. and Lady D'Erlanger. They live at Hyde Park Street, London, and at Great Chart in Kent. Miss D'Erlanger has recently been holidaying in Jamaica. Her parents are giving a ball for her in July



Betty Swaabe

MISS ELFRIDA EDEN, daughter of Sir Timothy and Lady Eden, of Wintham House, Lyndhurst, Hampshire, will be presented by her mother, for her on May 21 at 41 Victoria Road. Miss Eden started ballet lessons at a very young age and showed great promise, but unfortunately grew too tall. She still hopes to make



Tony Armstrong Jones

MISS GEORGINA WARD (above) is the daughter of the Rt. Hon. George Ward, M.P., Secretary of State for Air, of Lowndes Close, S.W.1. Her mother is Mrs. Thurstan Holland-Martin, who lives at Conderton Manor, Tewkesbury. Miss Ward is a granddaughter of Diana, Countess of Westmorland, of Lyegrove, Badminton, and a niece of the Earl of Dudley. The Earl gives a dance for her in May at the Dorchester



F. J. Goodman

MISS ALEXANDRA BRIDGEWATER is the daughter of Major P. A. C. Bridgewater, of Southdown, Tavistock, Devon, and the Hon. Lady Wroxton-Becher, of Courtlands, Corsham, Wiltshire. She has spent the last year in France, first at Mlle. Anita's school, and later at the Sorbonne

THE HON. FRANCES ASHLEY-COOPER (right) is the only daughter of the late Lord Ashley, and a granddaughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury. She is seen in the Paris appartement of her mother and stepfather, M. and Mme. Francois Goussault. Miss Ashley-Cooper, who was educated at Heathfield, will be presented and make her debut in England. Her coming out dance will take place next year when her brother, Lord Ashley, will come of age



F. J. Goodman

JAMES LAVER, Keeper of Paintings at the Victoria and Albert, traces back over the years the origins of the presentation at Court, and in passing comments on changing Court fashions



Heyday of the presentation

WHEN did it begin to be a special function of Royalty to receive innumerable young women, carefully dressed up for the purpose, in order to give them, as it were, a *nihil obstat* for their entry into social life? Early records of such occasions seem to be entirely lacking but it is difficult to imagine Queen Elizabeth sitting patiently on her throne while troupes of her young female subjects paraded before her. It is difficult to imagine Charles II finding himself in such a position. Wise fathers would hardly have permitted it. We do not get any clear picture until the time of George III when presentations were made on the occasion of the Queen's birthday. As the Queen in question was Queen Charlotte it seems particularly appropriate that her name should have been attached (even for quite different reasons) to the famous debutantes' ball.

In an engraving of 1786 we catch a glimpse of a "Ball at St. James's, celebrating Queen Charlotte's Birthday, opened by the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal," and in the background we can see rows of young women in what appear to be white dresses. Like the Princess they are all wearing hoops, and these hoops are very important, for they continued to be worn with Court dress long after they had been discarded by fashion.

In France, the Revolution swept hoops away, and even Napoleon did not venture to revive them. But in England hoops never went out; and we find an engraving in *Le Beau Monde* for 1807 of a "Court Dress for Her Majesty's Birth Day" (still the same Queen Charlotte!) with wide hoops springing not from the waist but from just under the arm-pits—a ludicrous combination of conservatism and new fashion.

The lady shown was hardly a debutante (her skirt is crimson with green trimmings); perhaps the following is more likely to fit the toilette of a girl making her first curtsey:

white satin petticoat with broad silver tassel fringe . . . white satin draperies very richly studded with demi beads of silver . . . train white satin, trimmed round with the same silver tassel fringe; body and sleeves richly embroidered in silver."

THE hoops went out in 1820, by command of the new King George IV, just at the time when they would no longer have looked absurd, for the waist resumed its normal position in that year. Still the Court dress of the 1820s was elegant enough, and if the hoops had gone the ostrich feathers remained—a whole cascade of them to judge by a fashion plate of 1824. "How charming now," says the contemporary chronicler, "is the court dress, divested of the encumbering and antiquated hoop! How beautifully from the taper waist, 'Fine by degrees, and beautifully less,' fall the undulating folds of . . . ethereal blue satin, trimmed with lotus-leaves in foil of the same colour. . . ." Fashion commentators were always poets! But we are forgetting about our

debutantes. *Revenons à nos moutons*—or, should we say, lambs?

The debutante, as an institution, seems to have been firmly established by the early years of the reign of Queen Victoria. We even begin to find references to her in literature. "Gentlemen," remarks *Blackwood's Magazine*, in the very year of the Queen's ascension, "are apt to dismiss all serious thoughts in addressing a very young debutante"; and Disraeli, in his *Coningsby*, which came out in 1844, tells us that "The Duke and Duchess had returned from London with their daughter who has been presented this year."

ILLUSTRATED journalism begins about this time, and so have a glimpse of "The company passing up the Grand Staircase" at "A Drawing-room at St. James's Palace in 1843"; and of debutantes curtseying to the Queen in "The Throne Room of the Castle, Dublin"—for Victoria held Drawing-rooms in Ireland also. The ostrich plumes still persist and certainly look rather odd on the smooth, demure coiffures of the period.

The most outstanding thing about the court dresses of the eighties was the length of the train. Our illustration shows one which must have been four yards long. It is described as a "square Court train of pale pink Duchesse satin, lined with the same material, and ornamented with blackberries and flots of pink ribbons down the left side." It must have been no easy task to control such an appendage, especially when walking backwards; but debutantes' trains were, in general, not so long as this, even in the days when trains rivalled the railway variety.

The Edwardian Epoch saw the Court at its most brilliant, the last vestiges of Victorian stiffness removed. But it was even more formal in the matter of presentations if only perhaps because competition was ever more keen. And it seems to have been settled by this time that debutantes should wear white only. We cull a couple of descriptions at hazard from a chronicle of 1906.

"Miss Symes-Thompson, a *debutante*, was gowned in white satin, trimmed with lace and chiffon roses, the train of broche was adorned with trails of pear blossom. . . . Miss Vera Schumacher's presentation gown was of fine Brussels net, arranged over white chiffon, exquisitely worked with white Messaline garlands and silver tracery. . . ."

So the white waves break one after another, and the debutantes continue their ceremonial gesture for at least a century and a half. They survive wars and revolutions—and succumb, at last, to the Welfare State. The last shower of white blossoms will shortly be shed abroad, and the last debutante will glitter for an instant—

" . . . like the snowflake on the river
A moment white, then melts forever."



A Court dress in *Le Beau Monde* 1806-07. It, too, was designed for the birthday of Queen Charlotte



Capt. J. E. Grant-Ives and Mrs. Grant-Ives



The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Samuel and Mr. Tim Maxwell



Major A. Ward and the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston



The Earl of March with the Countess



Miss Virginia Holcroft and Mr. Vere Fane



Mrs. G. W. Pennington and Lt.-Col. N. Foster



Miss Wendy Spencer with Mr. Philip Bryant



Col. and Mrs. M. F. Morley, Mrs. Neil Foster and Major G. W. Pennington, joint-Master

GRAFTON HUNT BALL

THE Grafton Hunt Ball took place this year at Tyringham House, near Newport Pagnell. This popular Buckinghamshire event attracted more than 250 guests, many from neighbouring hunts

THE LIBERALS' LEADER

MR. JO GRIMOND is the leader of the Liberal Party, which at the moment is very much in the public eye through the efforts of its candidate, Mr. Ludovic Kennedy in the Rochdale by-election. Recent straw polls in that constituency have caused all Liberal pulses to beat a little faster. Mr. Grimond is seen in his new home with his wife, who is the daughter of Lady Violet Bonham-Carter. With them are their two children, Griselda, sixteen, and Johnny, eleven. Their eldest boy, Andrew, is at Oxford



Roundabout

Maurice Richardson

Of barbers, surgeons and their mystery

JUDGING by the silver-haired old pat who shaved me last week, there is a shortage of young blood in the barbers' shops. The reason, I gather, is that this is a trade for which you need to serve an apprenticeship; youths who leave school, however unskilled, can earn more in industry.

Meanwhile octogenarians have come out of suburban retirement to resume scraping and snipping. They seem steady-handed enough. My old master assured me that even on days when he had a fit of the shakes he never worried about cutting a customer; that was an anxiety he outgrew long ago.

My own fear is more of having soap thrust up my nose than of being sliced. I suppose everybody has had his traumatic experience in the barber's chair. My all-time record was in the town of Bordeaux.

It was the day before World War Two broke out. Almost the entire male population of France was already mobilized. The *caissière* of the establishment I entered was rather red and swollen about the eyes but perfectly civil. Certainly I could be shaved. She clapped her hands. A bead curtain parted and a withered crone in a grey and white striped institutional smock and carpet slippers shuffled forward.

"Ah, *m'sieu*," she cackled as she started lathering with regardless vigour, "*vous êtes le premier vif que j'ai jamais rasié*."

I reminded her rather severely that a *vif*, unlike the corpses at the local undertakers, bled when cut. For the next ten

minutes I sat rigid, gripping the arms of the chair very tight. I felt I was making my contribution to the French national effort.

The last occasion in this country when a barber really got it in the neck for cutting a customer was a good deal more recent than most people suppose. It happened during the state visit to London of the Shah of Persia towards the end of the nineteenth century. He was put up in Buckingham Palace and Queen Victoria gave a state banquet for him.

In the small hours of the morning one of the palace footmen, who was going round putting out lights, turned a corner in a corridor and bumped into a strange procession. It consisted of four Persians carrying a strangled corpse. They indicated by signs that they were tired after a long walk and would like to know whereabouts in the Palace did one dispose of one's corpses?

The corpse, of course, was that of the Shah's barber. He had cut his master while shaving him for the banquet and paid the traditional penalty.

The footman rushed round waking people and a hurried conference of Palace officials was held. They decided not to worry the old Queen with the contretemps but a messenger was sent across to Marlborough House to acquaint the Prince of Wales with the circumstance and ask his advice.

Edward, who had already formed a distinctly unfavourable opinion of the Shah, hurried over and read the visiting potentate a rousing lecture on his disgraceful conduct in importing his



Miss Sally Hunter and Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth-Jones at the meeting in Carlton Gardens



Lady Braithwaite and the Countess of Harewood, president of the committee organizing the event



Desmond O'Neill

Arranging the charity performance of Mlle. Sagan's ballet, "Le Rendezvous Manque"

barbarous tyrannical customs into free and civilized England. Next morning the Board of the Green Cloth, that somewhat esoteric body which has certain powers of jurisdiction over the Sovereign's domain, held an inquest on the dead barber and found a verdict of accidental death. The Shah was not asked to stay again.

★ ★ ★

LAST week, owing to circumstances quite beyond my control, I found myself in a night club. It was some time since I had been inside one of these dim-lit, satin-quilted, padded galleries, like very luxurious mental hospital wards or private chapels for millionaires. As soon as I had done my duty on the floor, I gave myself up to meditation over iced brandy and ginger ale. (This is the least indigestible, least acid, best general purpose drink for the small hours.)

First on the timelessness of night clubs. Do they ever change? Certainly not in periods of anything shorter than ten years. Second on their extreme respectability. If this was night life how did it ever come to be associated with vice? All these people—the deb and their deb's delights, the Americans and the South Americans, the middle-aged millionairesses, the men from the provinces and the smooth public relations executives entertaining them, were certainly not doing anything depraved. They were even taking a limited amount of unhealthy exercise. By the time they went home, their energy—and vital energy is inseparable from sin—would be depleted, to the furtherance of their salvation.

The fact is that night life is really the survival of religious ritual. And its devotees go to night clubs in the hope, albeit unconscious, of finding some mysterious mystical revelation. The religious themselves are beginning to realize this. The modern priest, guitar in hand, sets out at midnight to convert the choreomaniac.

I was musing on these lines when I noticed on the dance floor a tall man with strong features and a head of tightly curling white hair. He was dancing with preternatural agility, hopping about like a giant grasshopper. When his partner, half his age, flagged, he lifted her under the elbows and carried her around with her feet trailing a couple of inches above the floor.

I became fascinated by this man and yearned to know more about him. Finally I asked the cloakroom attendant. "Know him?" he said. "I should think we do! He'd keep the band going till breakfast. He's a surgeon. He comes to relax the night before a big op. His idea of training, I suppose."

★ ★ ★

I CAN never understand how the label *morbid* comes to be attached to curiosity, which seems to me a human and vital, attribute. Its opposite, *incuriosity*, is what I find sinister.

The strangest story of *morbid* *incuriosity* I have ever heard concerns a retired jute-merchant, who lived in Broughty Ferry, the jute king's seaside suburb of Dundee. He came home for dinner one night and said to his wife: "A. has started speaking to me again. He suddenly cut me twenty-five years ago and I never knew why. This evening in the club he came up to me and held out his hand and said 'I'm awfully sorry, it's all been a complete misunderstanding. Will you have a drink?'"

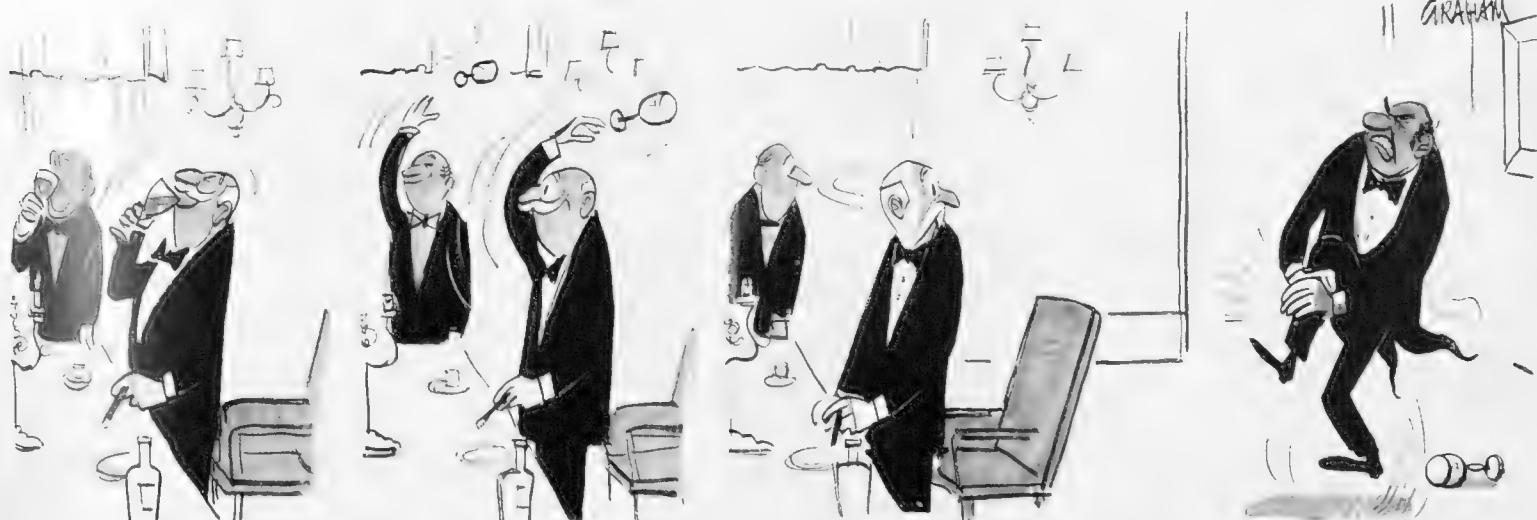
"But what was it all about?" asked his wife, "the misunderstanding, I mean?"

"I've not the slightest idea, my dear."

"Do you mean to say you didn't ask him?"

"Of course not. I wouldn't dream of doing such a thing."

You could, I suppose, maintain that the jute-merchant displayed an exquisite forbearance in not wishing to embarrass his friend. Even so the effect upon me is grotesque and uncanny, rather like a Charles Addams drawing.





Mr. and Mrs. C. H. A. Butler, in their home Shortgrove Hall, Newport, Essex

*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
FEB. 19,
1958
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Major Gregor MacGregor Younger of MacGregor and his bride, Miss Fanny Butler



Miss Gillian Bolton, Lord Napier and Ettrick, the best man, and Miss Arlette Hoare



Mr. R. A. Butler with Mrs. P. D. Harrison



Lady Braybrooke and Viscount Caldecote

Capt. and Mrs. Trevor Hume with Mrs. Neil Henderson

Van Hallan



Mr. Lindsay Wallace and Miss Charmain Allsopp. There were more than 500 guests



Mrs. John Tomkin talking with Col. James Dennis



Mr. Graham Turner-Laing, Miss Mary-Ann Nordeman and
Miss Heather Turner-Laing



The Hon. Hew Dalrymple, Miss Alice Fergusson and the
bride, Alison Margaret Bradford, with the
Hon. Mrs. Hew Dalrymple, mother of the bridegroom



Mrs. Duncan Kirk and her
daughter, Miss Diane Kirk

The Hon. Joanna Cavendish and
Lady Chesham

Lord Oranmore and Browne, the bridegroom's father, and the
parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. John Bradford



The bride, Miss Alison Margaret Bradford, with the bride-
groom, the Hon. Martin Michael Dominick Browne

BELGRAVIA WEDDING

THE Hon. Martin Michael Dominick Browne, younger son of Lord Oranmore and Browne, and the Hon. Mrs. Hew Dalrymple, married Miss Alison Margaret Bradford, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bradford at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Miss Anne McIntyre, Miss Sheila Peczenik and Miss Julie Remington-Hobbs were three of the bridesmaids

A. V. Swaebe



Priscilla in Paris

The policeman exchanged a wink for a blink

ALTHOUGH we are half-way through February which is the shortest, but also, although the days are lengthening, the darkest month of the year, spring still seems far away. Strangely enough, there is a joyous spirit of optimism in the air and Paris is almost as gay as it is supposed to be.

M. Felix Gaillard is doing his best to bring about the re-organization of the French constitution—surely the fifth labour of Hercules—and the mere idea makes us happy if not too hopeful. The city fathers are continuing their grand clean up of streets, squares, fountains and gardens so that the town will be pleasant for their spring visitors from across the waters—Atlantic, Channel or otherwise. The prefect of police has issued an eloquent manifesto preaching patience and politeness to his forces.

The Gallic *agent de police* is, I admit, a little hasty and extremely excitable. He has nothing of the placid dignity and reassuring air of omniscience that is characteristic of his British confrere but, treat him with slightly awed respect, call him *MONSIEUR l'agent* and all will be well. I have even known him to have a sense of humour.

ONE summer's evening I was driving along the avenue de Bois in a car that suffered from faulty wiring. At the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne the traffic cop blew his whistle at me. I obediently drew over to the kerbstone and he came aross to point out that my right-hand town lamp was not burning. I apologized, explained that the trouble was due to a *mauvais contact* and, knowing how to remedy it—feminine fashion—I opened the door on my right and slammed it smartly. The light immediately came on again. With a noble sweep of the arm the *agent* saluted courteously. I bowed hoping that I looked as gracious as I felt and went on my way.

Returning by the same route an hour or so later the same man halted me again. He came up to the car and recognized me. He then opened the door, slammed it, went to see if the lamp had lighted again and, since it had done so, saluted—but rather less nobly than before—and waved me on. Not a word was spoken but I felt duly chastened. Next day I had the wiring overhauled!

It was fitting, last week, that M. Lahillon, the recently nominated Prefect of Police, should make the acquaintance of *le Tout Paris* at the premiere of a detective film, but I imagine that the brilliant assembly formed by the audience at the Le Paris cinema gave him greater entertainment than the film itself, which he must have found somewhat in the nature of a busman's holiday. It was easier for *monsieur le préfet* to recognize the figureheads of *Tout Paris* than for *T.P.* to put a name to the new prefect in civvies.

EVEN a cursory glance at the illustrated weeklies soon teaches newcomers to differentiate between B.B. the film star and B.B. the painter but till the other evening we did not know whether M. Lahillon was tall or short, slim or . . . less slim, bald or hirsute, fair or dark and since he was surrounded by several members of his general staff we are not quite sure yet! One thing was very certain, however; whether *monsieur le préfet* and his suite considered it a busman's holiday or not they apparently enjoyed themselves and were most appreciative.

The film, *Maigret Tend Un Piège*, was a Jean Delannoy production inspired by Georges Simenon's novel and played by an all-star cast with Jean Gabin leading in the role of Maigret. The way Jean Gabin-Maigret "sets the trap" in order to catch a Jack-the-Ripperish murderer was all that the most ardent teccy-film fans could demand. The narrow streets and cobble-

Betty Swaeb



MLLE. ELIANE DE MIRAMON is the daughter of the Marquis and Marquise de Miramon. She lives with her parents, four sisters and a brother, in one of the terraces of Regent's Park. Her father also owns a house at Overjne, in France. Mlle. de Miramon, who will be presented by the wife of the French Ambassador, is studying languages. The portrait under which she is sitting is a childhood one of her father

stoned alleys in the neighbourhood of the rue des Rosiers, that might be called the ghetto of Paris, make an admirable background to a grim tale.

Georges Simenon's sombrely thrilling stories and the volumes of the comtesse de Ségur's *bibliothèque rosé* are not usually found on the same shelf of an adult person's bookcase. In my youthful opinion the trials and tribulations of Mme. de Ségur's young heroine of *Les Malheurs de Sophie* aroused more contempt than horror when I read the story in my childhood. It is true that they were already terribly old-fashioned. The innumerable punishments and frequent whippings seemed merely comical and I thought that Sophie was rather a softie to put up with such treatment. What bothered me a little were the illustrations, especially the one that depicted Sophie being spanked by her cruel stepmama. Indeed it so embarrassed me that I tore it out!

I have now discovered that poor Sophie's spankings, if only from a psychological point of view, have given the rose-coloured volume the right of place next to Georges Simenon's black romances, and having heard what a wealthy collector of old books has to say about such things I regret my youthful pusillanimity.

On Thursday afternoon at the Salle Gaveau Mme. Arlette Fitray, the great-granddaughter of Mme. de Ségur, gave a lecture about her famous ancestress. It was high time that public opinion was called to order. NO! Mme. de Ségur was NOT so cruel or severe as her stories would have us believe. She had lived in the days when backboards were in use and the rod was not spared. She innocently wrote about what she knew but not, I hope, what she had experienced. Arlette Fitray assures us that she was gay and full of humour and fantasy.

She was a great optimist and managed to regulate her barometer so that it always stood at "set fair"! This suggests that she must have had courage; one hardly dares to think of what her family probably said when the rain pelted in the middle of a picnic party! The lecturer also told us the amusing story of how her great grandmama—née Rostopchine—became engaged to the comte de Ségur. It was at a ball. A moment before the hand-shake, be-whiskered dandy requested the honour of leading her off to a schottische Mademoiselle Rostopchine had popped a large quarter of orange *glacé* into her pretty mouth. It was too big to swallow whole and she did not dare to be so unladylike as to scrunch it! In reply to Ségur's respectful small talk the poor girl could only faintly mumble. What a heart-stirring shock to the absent youth. So fair, so young and such a terrible defect! How beautiful! But pity is akin to love... and anyway the second time they met Mlle. Rostopchine's rose-bud mouth was not full of candied orange!



F/Lt. Colin Mitchell, R.A.F., runner-up to Bibbia, at speed on his skeleton at Ries

THE CRESTA'S ONE WAY STREET

IN the racing from Junction on the Cresta Run at St. Moritz, the Curzon Cup event was dominated by M. Nino Bibbia. Five of the first seven places were, however, taken by English riders



Mr. Brodie Macdonald and
Mrs. Wentworth Ping



Mr. Victor Pope with Mr.
Christopher Bathurst



Dr. R. H. Schloss

Mrs. Brodie Macdonald with Mrs. Vernon Pope, who helps to organize the Cresta Ball in London



Mr. H. Wentworth Ping presenting the Curzon Cup,
blue riband of the run, to M. Nino Bibbia



Sir John Gielgud (left), the Callifer without a past, cross-examines his uncle (Redmond Phillips) a priest whose congregation is his penance and whose penchant is whisky

At the Theatre

Raising the dead amid the freethinkers

Anthony Cookman

GRAHAM GREENE's new play at the Globe is religious propaganda. To call it that is admittedly off-putting, but flags of propaganda are to be deprecated only in so far as they seem not to square up to the ideas they are trying to plant on us. Two-thirds of *The Potting Shed* are good exciting theatre, but it has a weak, because evasive, last act.

Mr. Greene's contriving of suspense while he leads up to the startling revelation is extraordinarily deft. He makes striking use of the revelation when it comes. But he fills in the rest of the evening with rather heavy-handed satire at the expense of rationalists who are reluctant to believe that a modern miracle has happened in the potting shed at the bottom of their own back garden.

We are presented with a family brought up strictly as rationalists by an eminent free-thinking Victorian. The author has no doubt himself, and he leaves nothing undone to remove all doubts from our minds, that people who live by the bleak light of reason are likely themselves to be dreadfully bleak. The Callifers have graceless manners, the furniture, though not inexpensive, is severely utilitarian, the dresses of the women are almost aggressive in their dowdiness.

THEY would be a joyless lot at any time, but now the great man whose writings have coloured the mind of a generation is dying upstairs, and what adds a touch of exasperation to the melancholy occasion is that someone has foolishly sent for the son he most disliked.

James Callifer, when he appears in the person of Sir John Gielgud, is everything Mr. Greene would have us believe a man must be who has had the misfortune to be brought up by intellectuals. All human juices have dried up in him. He is a hollow shell, rather pathetically echoing its own emptiness. Here is his wife from whom he has parted, and he wonders a little

wistfully why he has not been able to love her or any other woman. But then his parents have never loved him. When the rest of the family are called to the bedside his mother forbids him to join them: she will not have her husband disturbed in his last moments by the sight of this particular son. James is left to ask himself what a small child can have done that is utterly beyond forgiveness years later. Why can he remember absolutely nothing of his childhood? What is wrong with him?

The way of it was this. A kindly forgotten uncle, reacting sharply from the Callifer atheism, had become a Catholic priest and angered the family by trying to open the lonely boy's eyes to spiritual values. The result of the two parties' struggle for power was disastrous. The boy hanged himself in the potting shed. The gardener who cut him down firmly believed that he was already dead, but the priest arrived to pray, and life came back to the body. Mr. Greene justifies the sensationalism of the incident by making it the springboard for a fine and penetrating piece of drama.

UNCLE and nephew are shown painfully releasing themselves from the trap of a long-ago suppression of what they both accept as truth. The priest has become a squalid, whisky-sodden old man. He performs his priestly duties still but without a vestige of belief in their supernatural efficacy. It is true, he recalls, that when he reached the potting shed the gardener had ceased trying artificial respiration and given up the boy for dead. There was nothing for the grief-stricken priest to do but pray, and his prayer took the form of a bargain with God. "Take away my faith, but restore the boy to life." The boy had lived; the priest's faith had been taken away. Mr. Redmond Phillips and Sir John Gielgud together drive home this crucial scene, the uncle-priest with dry-lipped, pitiable humility, the nephew with tense anxiety to find meaning for himself in the confession. And both are drawn into a common acceptance of the miracle as proof of God.

What is left for the third act? "Illusion can help to cure," smiles the psychiatrist, and James is at all events cured. He calls the illusion a miracle because, as he says cheerfully, "I could not believe in a God I could understand."

His mother does not know what to call it, but she reveals casually that her husband had been so shaken by the strange occurrence that he brought his rationalist writings abruptly to an end. Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies is excellent as the mother and Miss Irene Worth graces a very small part.



"THE POTTING SHED" (Globe Theatre). The Callifers, those staunch, unbending rationalists, gather in conclave to negotiate the impounding embarrassing disclosure that one of their number was saved by a prayer, a priest and a miracle. Left, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, as old Mrs. Callifer, presides, while adherent, Dr. Fred Baston (Walter Hudd), ponders on the moving hand of time and fickle fashion, and daughter-in-law (Irene Worth), thinks of love. Drawings by Gian Williams



Felix Fonteyn

Margot Fonteyn in her first role of the new ballet season

TONIGHT the Royal Ballet open their season at Covent Garden with the glow of their fifth and most successful North American tour still upon them. The programme includes Dame Margot Fonteyn dancing with Michael Somes in Frederick Ashton's *Sylvia*, which is the first of three performances. Nadia Nerina and Philip Chatfield will also be seen in this work. Among other notable events planned for ballet-lovers, the chief is the return of Robert Helpmann. This renowned *danseur noble* turns aside from his successful foray into drama to dance in *The Rake's Progress*.



Baroness Burton, a peeress in her own right, with the best entry, Mrs. W. Parkinson's Chiming Bells

The dog days at Olympia

THIS year's entry for Cruft's Dog Show was a record. The 13,000 entries were made up of nearly 7,000 dogs. Among the judges in the thirty-three rings were the Earl of Northesk, who is seen (left) judging beagles, with an obedience class in the background. The Earl was vice-chairman of the Show. Another judge was Lorna, Countess Howe

Miss P. L. Curties, Mrs. Lister-Kaye, Mr. Charles Lister-Kaye and Mr. G. O'Hara





Mr. L. M. Wood and Mrs. John Sandrey with Mr. Wood's Alsatian Lupo de Lombardia



Lorna, Countess Howe (right) judging Mrs. V. G. Furnace's pug bitch Viqueen Goldengleam Cinders



Lady M. class v. drummond hay was successful in the chihuahua entries from her Seggieden, Perth, kennels

The Ea. shown Northesk judging the beagle Cannybuff Contessa, Mrs. E. Crowther-Davies of Pattingham, Staffs



Mrs. M. Jay from King's Heath, Birmingham, with her golden retriever, Gentle Shandy

Mrs. K. Hallam with Mrs. M. Fearfield, whose griffon and chihuahua were both prizewinners

Van Hallan

At the Pictures

Marlon bumbles through Butterfly-land

—Elspeth Grant



BURT LANCASTER (above, left) filming in Terence Rattigan's play *Separate Tables* in Hollywood, reads *The TATLER* on the set. With him is his co-producer Harold Hecht. Other stars who help to make a diamond-studded cast include Rita Hayworth, David Niven and Deborah Kerr

THE LAW POUNCES in the shape of P.C. Terry-Thomas. His victim is Ian Carmichael, the offence reckless driving. A scene from *Happy Is The Bride*, a comedy about a frustrated wedding, directed by Roy Boulting. Also in this film, which opens tomorrow, are Cecil Parker and Joyce Grenfell. Janette Scott takes the part of the bride

MR. MARLON BRANDO is nothing if not thorough going: the Deep Southern accent he has assumed for his role in *Sayonara* is practically unfathomable. Though he speaks his lines with such deliberation that he might be hauling them up, word by word, from a treacle well, I had the greatest difficulty in understanding what he was talking about. At the end of two hours and twenty-seven minutes, it seemed to me consolingly unlikely that he had said anything of importance.

He is supposed to be an American air force jet-fighter ace, a graduate of West Point and the son of a four-star general—yet he is scarcely more articulate than the poor white trash of *Tobacco Road* and for a fellow flying high-speed planes his thought processes are perilously slow: this may, of course, be a result of the combat fatigue on account of which he is dispatched from Korea to a rest camp in Japan.

At the outset, Mr. Brando shares the military authorities' prejudice against marriages between members of the U.S. forces and "indigenous female personnel"—as the Madame Butterflies *de nos jours* are hideously called. Then, through Mr. Red Buttons, a friend of his who has defied the high-ups and taken a Japanese wife (appealing Miss Myoshi Umeki), Mr. Brando meets and falls in love with Japan's leading dancer, Miss Miiko Taka—the most beautiful of the three hundred girls comprising the Matsubayashi Troupe: in no time at all Mr. Brando is happily lolling about in a kimono, sipping saki and allowing himself to be waited on hand and foot by this ravishing creature.

THE affair is frowned upon by his commanding officer—and no wonder, for it has been assumed that Mr. Brando is engaged to the C.O.'s daughter, Miss Patricia Owens. Mr. Brando gives Miss Owens a definitive and somewhat boorish brush-off: he doesn't want to marry her but has still to make up his plodding mind whether or not to marry Miss Taka.

He only decides to do so when Mr. Buttons and his dear little wife—threatened with separation by the heartless authorities—commit hara-kiri. Apparently Mr. Brando feels that army regulations will be amended if somebody of his standing flouts them—and one hopes he's right: it seems iniquitous that the Japanese wives of U.S. Servicemen should be forbidden to accompany their lawfully wedded husbands to America.

Mr. Joshua Logan, directing, dwells lovingly on the beauties





Cornel Lucas

PORTRAIT OF A HEROINE

THE story of Violette Szabo, heroine of the French Resistance, has been made into a film by the Rank Organization with the title *Carve Her Name With Pride*. Here is a new portrait of Virginia McKenna who takes the name part, with Paul Scofield as co-star

of the Japanese scene and, with the enthusiasm of a tourist guide who expects a handsome tip, whisk one off to see the Imperial Guards, the Kabuki dancers, the Bunraku Puppets and the super-bly drilled Matsubayashi Girls. The colour photography is very fine, Miss Taka even in male attire is exquisitely feminine, and Mr. Buttons brings a new and interesting personality to the screen—but, oh dear! What a cracking bore that bovine Mr. Brando is!

Another conducted tour of Japan is offered by Mr. Arthur Lubin in *Escapade in Japan*—a pleasant picture, in stupendous Technirama, about the adventures of two small runaway boys, Master Jon Provost, a seven-year-old American, and Master Roger Nakagawa, a nine-year-old Japanese. Mr. Cameron Mitchell and Miss Teresa Wright, as Master Provost's estranged parents, have little to do but register anxiety—and this they do frantically while their offspring and his chum are having a wonderful time jumping trains, exploring temples and learning the ritual of saki-drinking from an elegant geisha.

MR. DIRK BOGARDE, playing Sydney Carton in *A Tale Of Two Cities*, seems to me to give a better (not necessarily a far, far better) performance than he has ever done: superficially dissolute, raffish and flippant, the character is at heart romantic—and Mr. Bogarde, drunk or sober, never lets you forget it. The good old story (first filmed in 1915) is as moving as ever and when, for love of gentle Lucy (charming Miss Dorothy Tutin), Carton goes to his death at the guillotine, tears still spring to the eyes of even hardened critics like myself.

Mr. Ralph Thomas has directed the film at a spanking pace, the mob scenes have the right ferocity, the storming of the Bastille by the Jacquerie is excellently handled—and dark-eyed Miss Rosalie Crutchley makes a blood-curdling avenging Fury of the implacable Madame Defarge.

In *The Unvanquished*, Mr. Satyajit Ray continues to follow the fate of the poor Indian family to whom he introduced us in *Pather Panchali*. They settle in the holy city of Benares, the father dies, the little boy, Apu, grows up and, possessed by a thirst for knowledge, goes away to study at the University of Calcutta: the lonely, widowed mother slowly pines to death.

It is a most poignant and most beautiful film, tranquil as a slow-flowing river on a windless summer's day.

THE vital Greek actress Miss Melinda Mercouri, who bowled us all over with her magnificent performance in *Stella*, has the misfortune to star in *The Gypsy And The Gentleman*—a British film ham-handedly directed by Mr. Joseph Losey. As I made clear in my review of *Dangerous Exile*, I have nothing against rollicking costume melodrama, providing it is presented with taste as well as gusto. This one, carelessly compiled, is just thrown at you. (You can, of course, dodge it—that's up to you.)

Flashing her handsome eyes and baring her strong white teeth, Miss Mercouri hams it up excruciatingly as the fiery gypsy who lures a titled Regency rake (Mr. Keith Michell) into stormy matrimony. She has mistakenly assumed that he is a rich man. Discovering that he is, on the contrary, up to his eyebrows in debt, she flies about the place in a fine passion, breaking a great deal of expensive crockery and lashing out at all and sundry with her riding crop.

To calm her down, Mr. Michell agrees to a dastardly scheme which she cooks up to cheat his pretty little sister (Miss June Laverick) out of the fortune she is to inherit from an aunt. Miss Laverick is first confined in a "folly" in the grounds and later in a lunatic asylum. In a fit of alcoholic remorse, Mr. Michell suddenly rounds on the wicked gypsy and drowns her and himself. As Miss Mercouri's undoubted talent had been submerged throughout, I thought it the best thing that could happen.



Mr. W. F. Mills, representing the Master of the Painter-Stainers Company, with Lady Truscott. The Company, on occasion, grants its Freedom to an outstanding exhibitor



Miss Elena Hadjikyriakos and Miss Alexandra Fox were two of the visitors to the private view



Mrs. Harold Charles and Mrs. D. Daniels looking at Mr. Douglas Daniels's "Thames Barges"

Book Reviews

When the primitive cracks the shell of manners

BETTINA LINN's novel, *A Letter To Elizabeth* (Chatto & Windus, 15s.), is one of those infrequent books which remind one how great fiction's stature can be. The main situation, in itself striking, is declared in the first sentence of all: "Foresta Jordan was going to see her father for the first time." And it is Foresta, aged sixteen, who speaks the closing words of the story: "I wanted very much to be born." How can this be, and what is to happen, we wonder, watching the vivid, eager girl in the airport, about to take off, with her cartwheel hat and shoulder knot of gardenias? And much *has* happened, before we bid her farewell.

Foresta is the love child of a famous anthropologist, Dr. Waterson, and a younger woman, Elizabeth, who had been his student. Elizabeth (a splendidly conceived character), having long in vain laid siege to the great man, had the anguishing triumph of giving birth to Foresta after Waterson returned to his wife. After years alone with her daughter, Elizabeth marries: her husband is understanding, she has a son of nine by him, all goes well. From Foresta, though she bears her step-father's name, there has not been hidden the story of her birth. Now, she has voiced a wish to meet her true father. It is felt that the wish ought not to be opposed.

The plane deposits the young traveller in the airport of an American university town. This place, fraught with deep-buried memories which the newcomer's arrival must stir to life, is throughout the setting of the story. James Waterson—armed with Foresta's photograph, for can he count on recognizing his own child? waits at the barrier. And not far away, in their quiet home uphill, waits Mary, Waterson's Scottish wife. Mary—no less a triumph of Miss Linn's creation—seems

likely to be the principal sufferer. Her husband's affair with Elizabeth, and the birth of Foresta, had been a secret kept from her till years later. When it came, the shock of the revelation, the blow aimed at her world of simple integrity, and the salt rubbed into the wound of her own childlessness were, together, more than she could forget. Now, she is asked to make welcome the unknown girl.

Civilized, mannerly people, schooled to control, are thus faced by a primitive situation. How they proceed to handle it, Miss Linn shows—with a conviction only possible in a major novelist. Not a scene, from beginning to end, fails to ring true; and moreover *A Letter To Elizabeth* is at no point marred by over-intensity or by melodrama. The Watersons' house and garden, in a summer heatwave, become uncannily solid in every detail. Delectable comic relief is provided by the egregious Ferde and Isabel. Finally, there enters Elizabeth herself—brought hither, strongly against her will, by Foresta's supposed infection by polio. The end is a masterpiece of dramatic irony.

★ ★ ★

A BOOK of three stories by Elizabeth Gaskell, *The Assize Of The Dying* (Heinemann, 16s.) gives full scope to this author's penetrating knowledge of human nature, for each story deals with a testing crisis. The first, "The Assize of the

Dying" was recently filmed by a British company under another title, *The Spaniard's Curse*. It recounts the aftermath of a murder trial, and the predicted fate of four men concerned. Through it runs, refreshing by contrast, a young love story.

"Aunt Helen," which follows, is a show-up of one of those angel women who seem always just too good to be true; those who have writhed under "angels" will relish this; and the English countryside setting, in spring, is lovely.

"The Seven Days of Monte Servio," third story, is the shortest but (to me) the outstanding. A landslide leaves a group of people cut off in a hut at the top of a ski-lift in the Italian Alps. Below, the hotel and village are wiped out, leaving nobody who knows where the stranded survivors are. They face a prospect of slow extinction.

Three British, an Italian fugitive from justice and his injured captor, the old hut caretaker and his young granddaughter maintain morale and nurse secret hope—not, after all, in vain! Here is, truly, a marvel of story-telling.



Richard Collier, author of the recently published *Ten Thousand Eyes* (Collins, 18s.), about the spies of the French Resistance

Mark Gerson



Mrs. Arthur Loftus-Tottenham going round the Gallery with Miss Nancy Lewis



Sir Denis Truscott and Mr. John A. Simson of Lloyd's, chairman of the Exhibition

ALTHOUGH one might not think so, **Born In Wedlock**, by Margaret Echard (Michael Joseph, 16s.) is fiction—but you might hardly know it, for it is in the form of a small girl's diary. Also, it's an enchanting, comic "period piece"—time 1900 (our Katie Linda wears butterfly bows on her hair, frilly pinafores), setting Ellenwood, small Alabama town full of Southern charm but also Southern *hauteur*.

In the Linda, her sister Jean and dear pretty demented Mama, ex-a-ness, take up their abode with a Mr. Walker Fairchild, lawyer, in his creeper-embowered mansion, only to find their status a little difficult. For, oh heavens, Ellenwood is the stronghold of Mama's ogre in-laws, the Barth family, headed by Aunt Mat.

The Barths, who had cast off Papa when he married Mama, scheme to regain control of the children.

Mama, since her widowhood, has known ups-and-downs in the theatrical world—her and her young's future was far from bright when Mr. Fairchild stepped in with his invitation. Now, installed in the mansion she is prettifying up, and laying in a frou-frou ad lib on the Fairchild charge account, she does not for a moment envisage ostracism. But the *elite* of Ellenwood declares war; Katie and Jean are refused by the local seminary, and their countless protector is hard put to it. Incidents, as recorded by Katie Linda, would be anguishing if not extremely funny, too. The book, I'm happy to say, has a happy ending, unlikely though, at times in the narrative, that seemed.

★ ★ ★

HERE is a first novel, **Second-Class Taxi** (Faber, 15s.), scene South Africa, in which furious satire is interknit with sunshiny humour. Author: Sylvester Stein, a young South African who was for years editor of the famed magazine *Drum*. Staff Nurse Phofolo, our hero, wins our hearts from the moment we watch him (contained in an outsize ancient army overcoat) wriggling out of a drain pipe—his sole domicile. Staff Nurse's acquaintance with any hospital is confined to his happening to have been born in one; he was christened for sentimental reasons. Officially, he is "idle and undesirable—liable to instant arrest for having no Pass." He is bumblingly innocent, trustful as a young and very inexperienced puppy.

This youth Phofolo is at once product and victim of the present tragedy in South Africa. Trying everything once (for he'd like to live) he's out of the frying-pan into the fire, constantly. Comical and bewildering, his adventures have a dark side, on which I don't offer comment. Well-intentioned Professor and Mrs. Hampshire—grotesques, alas—are probably true to type. You will remember this book when many more serious ones on the subject are forgotten.

—Elizabeth Bowen



Miss Miyako Nakamura standing beside her portrait painted by Miss Irene Heath

Desmond O'Neill

The City of London's artists

THE Lord Mayor, Sir Denis Truscott, opened the City of London Art Exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery. A very large gathering of exhibitors and visitors were present. More than three hundred paintings, drawings and sculptures are on view. The qualification for submitting a work is that the artist must work or live in the City

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Greene with Mr. Greene's painting "Coffee for Enjoyment"



FASHIONS FOR HER FIRST SEASON

CLOTHES to take the seventeen-year-old debutante through the Season's important engagements should be easy to wear, uncluttered and uncrushable. Choose little hats which once on can be forgotten. Go for presentation dresses with generous skirts to allow for a graceful curtsey. Avoid elaborate jewellery, voluminous stoles, difficult-to-manage stiletto heels. These are best left to the sophisticated woman who has mastered the art of wearing high fashion. For the debutante simplicity is the secret



FOR AN IMPORTANT LUNCH in town, the fourth of June, Lord's or a chilly day in Henley Week or at Ascot, a silk dress which can be worn with a warm topcoat is essential. Both the grey worsted coat (30 gns.) and the pale blue wild silk dress (22 gns.) above, come from Harrods, Knightsbridge. Cap of straw flowers by Vernier

Michel Molinare

MORNINGS IN TOWN require a warm suit for the early days of the season. Paris shows suits in almost every flower shade, so why should the debutante not do the same? Estrava's essentially youthful hyacinth blue mohair suit costs 14 gns., and is obtainable at Fifth Avenue, shops in Regent Street, London and Guildford. The gloves are made of Pittard's washable leather, and the hat is by Clarida of 20 Grosvenor Street, W.1.

FOR GARDEN PARTIES and outdoor occasions a dress firmly mounted and indifferent to gusts of wind is the best choice. This Julian Rose model (right) obtainable at Harrods and John Lewis, Newcastle, is made of printed cotton satin, and costs about 26 gns. Hat by Clarida, 20 Grosvenor Street





PALACE



FUCHSIA-COLOURED pure silk paper taffeta mounted on many petticoats (top left). Crisp and uncrushable, the neckline dips to a discreet vee at the back. The sleeves are three-quarter length. At Maryon, Knightsbridge, costing 21 gns. Straw-feathered and velvet hat by Vernier

CAFE-AU-LAIT LACE mounted on taffeta is used by Worth's Boutique for a dress (above) from their ready-to-wear range at 50 Grosvenor Street. Worn with the dress: a Worth bandeau mounted with toning ostrich feathers. The dress and its jacket (not shown here) cost 31 gns.

FINE COBWEB LACE in a rich sapphire blue is used by Arthur Banks for this Presentation dress (left). Toning taffeta is slotted through the waistline, and fine net forms the hemline. At Barri-Moore, Knightsbridge, costing about 25 gns. Feather hat by Clarida, 20 Grosvenor Street

PRESENTATION

BLACK CHANTILLY LACE mounted over net and white taffeta and worn with an Otto Lucas hat (right). At Debenham & Freebody costing respectively 58½ and 17 gns., Gainsborough Room



FOR SUMMER DANCES, so many of which are held in country houses, a short dance dress is the natural favourite for the girl who really does want to dance all night! A Jacques Heim dress of fine French cotton printed with blue roses at Harrods costs 19 gns.

DANCING INTO...

Michel Molinare





Noel Mayne

.. THE DAWN

FOR QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BALL the traditional white ball gown, romantic, full-skirted and sweeping the ground. The gown, made of white lace with a fichu and insertions of pale pink organza, is by Fontana of Rome. It can be bought at Harvey Nichols, London, and Leaders of Leeds. The price: about 75 gns. Photographed in 21 Ilchester Place, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rolf Thoresen

TWO-PIECE TWO-PURPOSE



John French

Red linen dress and jacket by Horrockses. Made in four sizes and six other colours including navy. At Woollards, London; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham and Manchester; and McDonalds of Glasgow, costing 10½ gns. The Otto Lucas natural straw hat at Woollards and McDonalds. Ladybird gloves and scarf from The Glove Shop, Bond Street. The cream calf shoes, £5 15s. 6d., and handbag, 8 guineas, come from Dolcis, Old Bond Street

THE summer dress with a jacket has become the rule rather than the exception, a jacket being so often a necessity on an English summer's day. When cleverly designed it can also make a dress intended for resort or late day-wear suitable for shopping in town. Such two-purpose ensembles are invaluable for holiday travel by air when every kilo of your baggage space counts



CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK



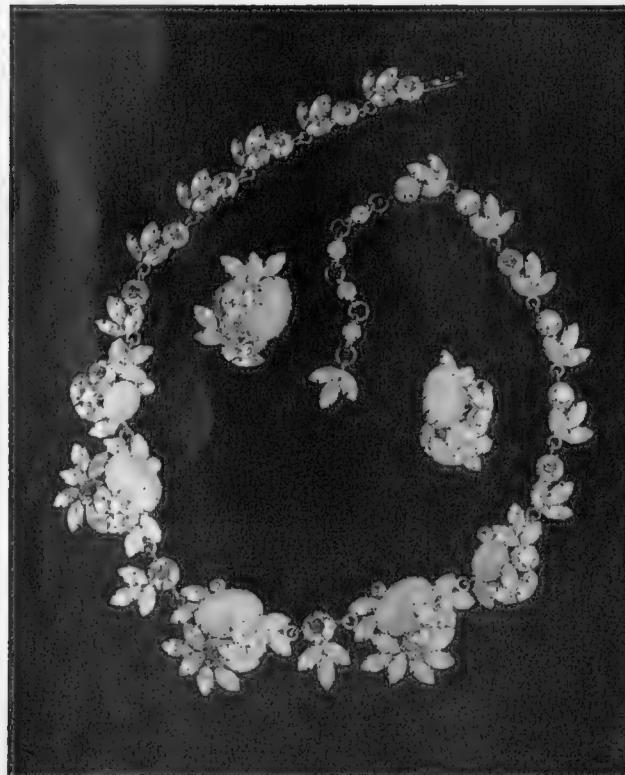
Well made, delicately realistic artificial flowers remain fresh after the longest day or evening. This freesia spray costs £2 9s. 6d. and comes from Marshall and Snelgrove



THE SEASON, with its wide variety of social occasions, lies ahead. Now is the time that this year's debutantes and their mothers are planning their wardrobes for the party-filled months to come. So it is important to choose accessories which will enhance the new dresses and which will have the fresh, springlike touch suitable for the young girls who are making their bow to society this year

—JEAN CLELAND

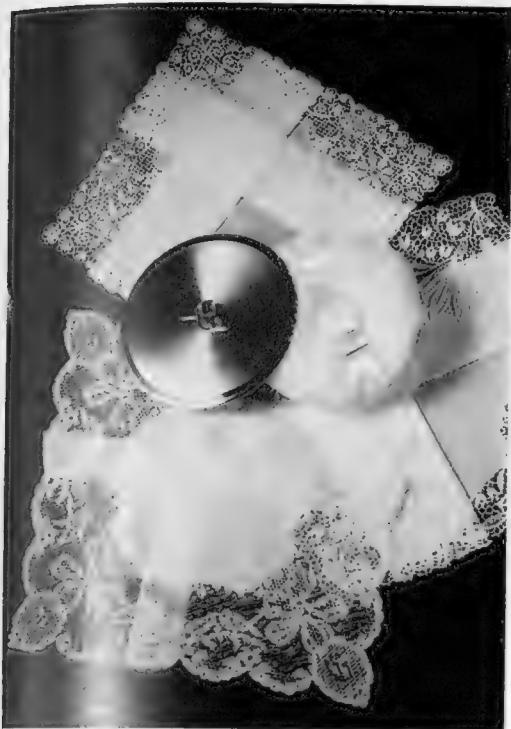
Gay companions to a sparkling debut



Above : A necklace and matching ear clips in moonstones and frosted rhinestones. The necklace costs £8 18s. 6d. and the ear clips £2 17s. 6d., at Marshall and Snelgrove



Right : Light, fresh and floral, Worth's "Vers Toi" is the perfect scent for a young girl. A half-ounce bottle costs £2 18s., one-ounce bottle £5 6s., obtainable at leading stores



Black-edged metal powder bowl, £4 15s., turquoise swansdown puff, 12s. 6d., lily-of-the-valley lace trimmed handkerchief, 11s. 6d., floral lace handkerchief, 11s. 6d., lovers' knot lace handkerchief, 15s. 6d. All from Dickins and Jones



Dennis Smith

Beautiful gloves have always been the hallmark of the well-dressed woman. The long white kid pair above costs £4 7s. 6d., the yellow suede £2 17s. 6d., green suede £2 17s. 6d., Dickins and Jones



Left : Here is an evening bag which will go with any colour or style of evening dress. Gold embroidered on net, price £3 13s. 6d., or with spray of pink roses with green foliage, 22s. Debenham and Freebody



Above : This feminine and bouffant nylon petticoat is slim at the hips, swirling to the hem in flounces of net and taffeta trimmed with nylon lace; price £11 11s., it is exclusive to Debenham and Freebody



Beauty

Keep the April look

The exclusive Steiner style above is called "Atalanta." The hair sweeps down in a generous curve over the ears and forms a mock-chignon at the back. The top forms a club fringe. It is a hair style simple for day wear, yet by evening sophisticated



"Flower Head" is another style from the Steiner collection (above). It has a chrysanthemum-like appearance with a double fringe. The forward curls overlap at the tips giving a charmingly scalloped effect on the forehead



In the "De Luxe" hair coiffure, also by Steiner, the hair comes forward in a wayward fringe with a wavelike movement above the ears. It is slightly longer at the back than the front. Free of affectation, this style suits several age-groups

YOUNG people have their own special beauty problems. Their hair, perhaps, is giving them trouble, and is not as sleekly shiny as they would like it to be. Their skin is not as clear as it should be, and they are worried because of spots and pimples that crop up and threaten to spoil everything. And weight! The little extra may only be what elders indulgently call "puppy-fat," but all the same, it spoils the line of a pretty frock.

All these troubles are quite natural; and by natural I mean that there is nothing *exceptional* about them. A large proportion of young girls suffer in just the same way, and this, surely, to those who share similar problems, should be consoling.

Hairdressers, skin specialists and beauticians will all tell you that hair, skin and extra weight are largely affected by diet.

At school, inevitably, the meals are inclined to be starchy, and while some girls take this in their stride, others find that while filling and strengthening, such food does not always lead to good looks.

THE first thing on the programme, then, is to concentrate on a good diet—one that is skin-clearing, hair-shining and figure-slimming. Cut out all puddings, pastries, cakes and sweets for the time being, and replace them with fresh fruit. Avoid bread, potatoes, and all forms of starch as far as possible, and have as much vegetable and green salads as you can take. Have things grilled but *not* fried, and refuse—just for a while—rich sauces, mayonnaise, cream and ice-cream. It is not easy, but it can be done, and it is worth it in the end. And please do not think this means going on a semi-starvation diet. That is the last thing I would recommend to any young girl. You can eat plenty of good food without including the rich, starchy things which tend to cloud the skin and increase the weight.

Having settled for the right diet, let us go a little deeper into the subject of hair and skin. If your hair seems lank and out of condition, it may quite likely be due to dandruff which so often affects the young. For this there is only one solution. Go to a first-class trichologist, and let him advise you as to the best kind of treatment, and having done that, carry out what he tells you to do faithfully and regularly.

MUCH the same thing applies to the skin. If you have persistent spots, don't despair of eradicating them. There are excellent treatments now for this kind of trouble. Even bad cases of acne can be cured and the skin made clear and radiant again. Don't be fobbed off with "You'll grow out of it, dear," and don't try to cover the spots up with heavy make-up. Go (or get your mother to take you) to one of the well-known beauty salons, and let an expert advise you about the best kind of treatment to take. Lose no time in carrying it out.

An odd spot here and there is a different matter. This can easily be concealed, and one of the best ways of doing it is to get Max Factor's little "Erace" stick (specially made for the purpose), stroke it over the spot and then cover with powder.

I have asked Mr. Steiner, one of the finest experts on the health and beauty of the hair, to design me three exclusive hair styles especially for the 1958 debutantes. Here they are for you to see on this page. I hope you will like them, finding among them a style that helps to make your season memorable.

—Jean Cleland



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Edmundo Ros logo: A stylized 'ER' inside a circle.

Jennifer [Continued from page 317]

October 31. Mrs. Arthur Croker-Poole for Miss Sally Croker-Poole at Southmore Lodge, Longworth, Berkshire.

November 1. Mrs. Andrew Atha for Miss Amanda Atha at Broad Marston Priory, Warwickshire.

November 19. Mrs. Edward Butler Henderson and Mrs. Neil Henderson for Miss Penelope Butler Henderson and Miss Jean Henderson.

* * *

BESIDES the girls I have already mentioned, there are a number of others making their debut this year. Among them are the Duchess of Norfolk's second daughter Lady Mary Howard, and the Countess of Shrewsbury's second daughter Lady Josephine Chetwynd-Talbot. Both these girls have younger sisters coming out next year, and I hear their parents are wisely waiting a year to combine their dances. Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard and her sister Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard (a 1959 debutante) will share their dance, which will take place at Arundel Castle, with their eldest sister, Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, who will be celebrating her twenty-first birthday.

Another debutante who has postponed her dance until 1959 is the Hon. Frances Ashley-Cooper, who hopes to share it with her brother Lord Ashley for his twenty-first birthday; she will be in London for the season with her mother Mme. Goussault. The Marchioness of Abergavenny's second daughter, Lady Vivienne Nevill, comes out this year, also her cousin Lady Davina Pepys, second of the Countess of Cottenham's pretty daughters, the Marchioness of Linlithgow's only daughter Lady Sarah Jane Hope, Miss Louise Durham, daughter of Mrs. Bruce Durham, a charming and intelligent girl who already speaks French and Italian fluently, Miss Lois Denny, daughter of Mrs. G. W. A. Denny, who hopes to go up to Cambridge in the autumn, Miss Susan Aubrey-Fletcher, daughter of Mrs. Aubrey-Fletcher, Miss Annabel Greene, daughter of Mrs. Raymond Greene, Miss Diana Hall, second daughter of Mrs. Roger Hall, and Miss Nicole Harrison, daughter of Mrs. Michael Harrison.

Others include Mlle. Eliane de Miramon, the lovely second daughter of the Marquise de Miramon, Miss Antonia Palmer, daughter of Mrs. Alexander Abel Smith, the Hon. Judith Pakenham, second daughter of Lady Pakenham, the Hon. Helen Rollo, daughter of Lady Rollo, who will be entertaining for her in London this season, and Miss Irene Martinez-Salas, daughter of Señora Francisco Martinez-Salas of Caracas, and granddaughter of Señora Pocaterra de Capriles of Grosvenor Square, who will also be entertaining for her in London this season.

[Continued on page 351]



MISS ANTONIA WILLIAMS, eighteen, is the daughter of Mr. Francis Williams, Q.C., High Sheriff of Denbighshire and Recorder of Birkenhead, and Mrs. Williams of Llys Meirchion, Denbigh. She has been finishing at Winkfield Manor, Berks. Miss Williams is the third of four sisters

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MISS IRENE MARTINEZ-SALAS is the daughter of Senor and Senora Francisco Martinez-Salas, of Venezuela. Her grandmother is Senora Pocaterra de Capriles, who lives in Grosvenor Square. Miss Martinez-Salas is finishing at Cygnets House



Lenore

LADY KATHERINE COURtenay is the Earl and Countess of Devon's only daughter. She is having a dance on October 4 at historic Powderham Castle, near Exeter, which is being given by the Countess of Devon

Jenifer [Continued from page 348]

Also Miss Pamela Walford, daughter of Mrs. Ben Walford, and Miss Hughes-Young, daughter of Col. Michael Hughes-Young, the late Mrs. Hughes-Young, who is staying in London with Mrs. Ronald Senior for the season. Her father is giving a party for her in the House of Commons during the season, but has

dates of interest for the debutante this year

April 7 International motor racing at Goodwood.
 April 9 The Badminton Horse Trials.
 April 21 The Rose Ball at Grosvenor House.
 April 22 The Berkeley Debutante Dress Show at the Berkeley Hotel.
 May 2 Private View of Royal Academy Summer Exhibition.
 May 10 17. Royal Windsor Horse Show.
 May 19 Royal Caledonian Ball at Grosvenor House.
 May 21 Chelsea Flower Show (private view May 20).
 May 27 31. Glyndebourne Opera Season, Glyndebourne, Sussex.
 June 4 Birth of June at Eton; the Derby at Epsom.
 June 4-7 Royal Tournament opens at Earls Court.
 June 6 Epsom Oaks at Epsom.
 June 12 The Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade.
 June 12-13 Royal Richmond Horse Show.
 June 17-18 Royal Ascot Race Week.
 June 18 Guards Boat Club Ball, Maidenhead.
 June 23-25 All-England Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon.
 June 24 Peter College Commemoration Ball, Oxford.
 July 2-5 Henley Royal Regatta, Henley-on-Thames.
 July 3 Royal Presentation party at Holyroodhouse.
 July 4 and 5 Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's.
 July 4 Eton Beagles Ball, the Dorchester; Eton and Harrow Ball at Hurlingham Club.
 July 21-26 Royal International Horse Show at White City.
 July 29-August 1 Goodwood Race Week.
 July 30 Her Grace the Duchess of Norfolk's Ball for Sussex charities, at Arundel Castle.
 August 3-9 Cowes Regatta, Isle of Wight.
 August 5-9 Dublin Horse Show Week.
 August 7 Royal Yacht Squadron Ball at Cowes.
 August 9 Bembridge Sailing Club dance.
 August 19-21 York Race Week.
 September 4-6 Harewood Three Day Event.
 September 5 Abyone Ball.
 September 16 Northern Meeting Ball, Inverness.
 September 23 First Perth Hunt Ball.
 September 24-25 Perth Hunt races.
 September 25 Second Perth Hunt Ball.
 September 27 Angus Ball.
 October 7-11 Horse of the Year Show at Harringay.

Tickets for the Rose Ball may be obtained from Mrs. Moreshead, 33 The Little Boltons, S.W.10; for the Debutante Dress Show, from Mrs. Fenwick, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2; and for the Caledonian Ball, from Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, Grosvenor House, W.1.



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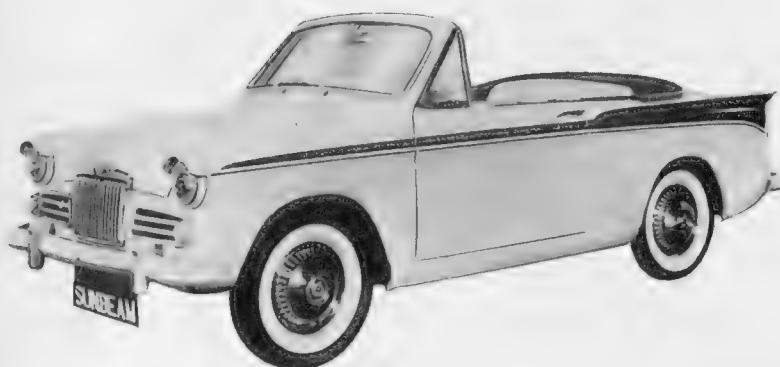
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Motoring

CARS OF STYLE AND PACE FOR THE YOUNGER DRIVER

YOUTH is motoring's chief ally. It thinks cars, borrows cars, hires cars, drives cars, tinkers with cars, crashes cars and even—occasionally—buys cars. For those young people to whom this issue of The TATLER devotes special attention, I first say something about learning to drive and then about the kinds of cars which should seem presentable to the presented.

Professional driving instruction is almost always worth paying for because instruction by a friend or relative, even one with the gift for teaching, will not be systematic. As road conditions become more complicated, so a clearly defined system in the method of driving becomes more important. My first suggestion, then, is to refuse the proffered help of amateurs, however pressing. Go to a school.

But which school? Apart from the fact that it depends on the district, there are no satisfactory and fair ways of sorting out good schools from bad. The small school is as likely to have the gifted instructor on its staff as the large. If the pupil wants to make rapid progress he should read about motoring; not only books on learning to drive, but also accounts of rallies and races and other motoring activities. And I would add that a little technical knowledge is a necessary thing.

Now for the car. Choose according to the kerb-side weight of the car, because this is a good guide to two things at once, price and handiness. The small two-door Austins, for instance, at well under £600 including tax, are economical, with a fuel consumption in the 40-miles-to-the-gallon region, however driven, and a good top speed—about 70 miles an hour. If you value appearance, there is the handsome little Renault Dauphine, full of Monte Carlo prestige. It has a lower top speed but many admirable points, some of them the outcome of fully independent suspension and a rear-mounted engine.

A little higher in the weight scale are the Morris Cowley and Oxford saloons (between £800 and £900 with tax) and the Ford Consul Mark II saloon. A little higher still is the Standard Vanguard III saloon at a little over £1,000. Then we come into the weight group of the Jaguar—the 3.4 litre model, that is. The top speed is well over 110 miles an hour with correspondingly brisk acceleration, but with fuel consumption at about 20 miles to the gallon. When we finally come to weights of more than a ton and a half we reach into the high prices, with the Rolls-Royce and the Bentley.

IN a group of their own are the sports cars. Such machines have a special attraction for everybody who enjoys driving. In the top flight—and now we must depart from the classification by weight—there are the Continental Bentley, the Aston Martin and the XK Jaguar. High price, however, is no longer a corollary of genuine sports car performance and sports car handling qualities, for we have the interesting and successful cars in the £1,000 and 100 miles an hour group: the MGA and the Triumph TR3. When I reported on the road behaviour of the TR3, I confirmed an exceptionally good figure (for a car in this price range) for acceleration from zero to 60 miles an hour and I see that acceleration (for the hard-top version) of under 9 seconds from zero to 50 is now claimed.

My selection of the cars named above in the different groups was arbitrary: but it illustrates the range of models now available, range in price, in road performance, in accommodation and in styling. That is something new. Such references as the Show catalogues of a few years ago remind us that the choice used to be much narrower, and that there was less scope for the indulgence of individual preferences.

Oliver Stewart

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The Cresta was photographed in Woburn Park by kind permission of His Grace the Duke of Bedford



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DINING IN

Debutante parties

I HAVE chosen an easy-to-prepare menu suitable for a debutante fork luncheon or pre-dance dinner. Here it is:

Consommé Olga
Crêpes de Crème de Volaille
Pilaff de Riz
Salade de Fruits au Kirsch

The quantities are based on twelve servings; they can be doubled for twenty-four.

For Consommé Olga add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint port to 4 pints consommé with a garnish of julienne of celeriac, the white part of leek and very little carrot. The vegetables are cooked in a little butter, then finished off in a small amount of the consommé before being added to the rest.

The chicken-stuffed pancakes can wait for at least fifteen minutes. For each serving, allow three very thin pancakes made with a Yorkshire Pudding batter of 1 lb. plain flour, a good teaspoon of salt, four to five eggs and two pints of milk or milk and water. At the last minute, just before using, add two to three tablespoons of melted butter.

Use a frying-pan which will make very thin pancakes no larger than 6 inches in diameter. Get the pan really hot then add to it a small teaspoon of olive oil and rub it around with a small cloth swab. Add two dessertspoons of the batter and turn the pan this way and that so that the bottom will be covered. Toss or turn the pancake as soon as possible and lightly cook the other side. Continue until all the batter is used, stacking the pancakes on an upturned plate. Not all of them may be perfect, so it might be a good idea to add an extra egg, 4 oz. more flour and another $\frac{1}{2}$ pint liquid. They can be made in advance.

For the filling it is better to have two smallish young boiling chickens than one large one. Cover the washed birds with plenty of water. Add one to two onions, a clove, two to three carrots, a bouquet garni and 4 oz. dry white vermouth. Cover and simmer until the birds are tender. Make $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints good Bechamel Sauce with the strained stock.

Remove the chicken meat and chop it fairly finely. Thinly slice $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. washed but unpeeled tiny white mushrooms. Cook them in two tablespoons water, the juice of half a small lemon and a small nut of butter, cover tightly for not more than 3 minutes over a very high heat.

Add to the chicken and moisten the mixture well with the Bechamel Sauce. Season to taste. Have ready well-buttered shallow entrée dishes.

Spread a portion of the filling on each pancake. Roll up and place side by side, in one layer, in the dishes. Spoon a little of the remaining sauce (enriched, if liked, with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint double cream) over the pancakes. Sprinkle them generously with grated Parmesan and brown in a very hot oven (425 to 450 deg. F. or gas mark 7 to 8).

The Pilaff Rice will also wait. Fry 1 lb. long-grained rice in 4 oz. butter, together with a chopped onion, until it is a creamy tone, shaking the pan so that the rice is evenly coloured. Add 2 quarts strained chicken stock and seasoning to taste. Cover with a double thickness of greased greaseproof paper and bake for eighteen to twenty minutes in a moderate oven (355 deg. F. or gas mark 4).

For Fruit Salad the main thing to remember is to have the juice of one to two lemons and, perhaps, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint dry white wine or pineapple juice, in the mixing bowl so that the fruit will not become rusty. Allow 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ pints salad and 2 to 3 oz. Kirsch added during the last half-hour. Sweeten the fruit in the bowl but do it in moderation.

—Helen Burke





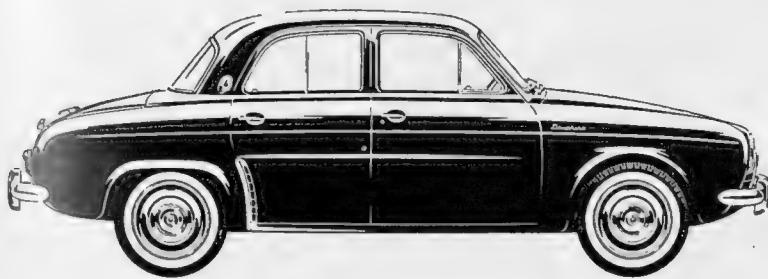
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DINING OUT

Prelude to the ball

MANY reservations have already been made this year for debutante dinner parties and coming-out dances. I discussed this subject with Mr. Derek Sawyer, general manager of the Hyde Park Hotel where so many of these functions are held. I learnt that the debutantes' mothers agree between them to arrange dinner parties for their daughters and their escorts in hotels, restaurants or private houses, before going on to the coming-out dance itself. On these occasions most people prefer a restaurant without music or dancing, since a long evening in the ballroom lies ahead.

If the dance is being held in such hotels as the Hyde Park, Savoy, Dorchester, Claridge's, Grosvenor House or the Westbury, one can dine in a different part of the same hotel. As there is almost always a champagne or less expensive buffet provided at the dance, expensive drinks during dinner are unnecessary, which enables the cost to be kept within reason. Only 30s. per head could easily cover the cost of dinner and wine for a preliminary dinner party, and perhaps a few shillings more if held in a private room.

On the other hand there are plenty of restaurants where you could arrange your dinner party with all the comforts and no music, such as that of the Connaught in Carlos Place, the Caprice, the Mirabelle, Prunier's, The Ivy, L'Ecu de France, Overton's and many more. All of these will, for a reasonably simple dinner, quote a reasonable price.

THE Fellows' Restaurant at the Zoo is one of my favourite lunching places because food, service and wines are all first-class, and one can park one's car outside without trouble. It was here that the Societas Condita ut Elephantes Punicei Conserventur—Latin for the Pink Elephant Club—held its annual luncheon. This Club has its headquarters at the Zoo.

The very English bill of fare listed food and wine together, thus: "The Boar's Head; clear turtle soup with a glass of Blandy's El Rei Madeira; devilled whitebait with wine from the Blanc-Fume vineyards, bottled at the Château du Nozet, Pouilly-sur-Loire; larded capon, creamed mushrooms, leaf spinach, scallop potatoes, with Beaune, vintage 1949, bottled in France and shipped by Laboure-Roi, a wine selected by the Chevaliers du Tastevin; Stilton cheese, celery and walnuts, with a glass of Taylors Port, vintage 1935, and coffee with Hennessy XO."

ONCE again I found myself wining and dining at a railway hotel; I was asked to lunch by an old friend at the Great Eastern at Liverpool Street. I had not been there for years and remembered the hotel, especially the Abercorn Rooms, with long passages painted in a sort of dirty, smoke-matured yellow, and somewhat gloomy rooms.

When I got there I thought at first I must have gone to the wrong place, until I was introduced to Mr. F. R. Collins, the manager of this mammoth establishment. He showed me round a series of banqueting rooms decorated in gay and delicate colours, with magnificent carpets and luxurious fittings. I finished up in their Beaufort Restaurant, which sets out to provide the *haute cuisine* and does so to the highest level. The *maitre d'hôtel* is Peter Rattazzi, who, during the summer months, fills the same post for the Restaurant du Soleil at their hotel at Gleneagles.

I have also recently visited the Charing Cross Hotel where the restaurant has been redecorated in the same style, the work of Mr. John Hill, and where I met Etienne Jean Vacher, Chief Hotels Manager, who has been with British Transport Hotels for thirty-five years. They have a new and very smart bar there called the "Aperitif."

—I. Bickerstaff

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The curtain rises—there is a slight rustle in the audience (someone popping a Ballerina Chocolate in her mouth!) An unforgettable evening—the pas-de-deux of Hazelnut Praline and Almond Fudge—the râbesque of Crushed Walnuts and the never-to-be-forgotten smoothness of rich, milky chocolate cloaking the delicious and varied centres with skill and perfection... bravo!... the curtain falls with loud applause for Tobler Ballerina Chocolates which are just stu delicious! (Note: Tobler Ballerina Chocolates are equally enjoyable eaten in the 'gods' or nibbled in front of your own Television).

Tobler

Ballerina
CHOCOLATES

TOBLERONE

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS TOBLERONE



Jewels by Asprey

Corsets Silhouette Ltd. present LADY X

IN LADY X, the unique control-with-freedom of Silhouette's famous X design has been given its loveliest expression. The LADY X which the model is wearing is in a nylon elastic lace designed by Silhouette and woven by Heathcoat. Its lacy delicacy hides tremendous strength (in other words, figure-control power). The flexibly boned diaphragm-

control panel adjusts itself to the body length of the wearer. It is available in sizes from 26" to 33". The price is 7 guineas.

The LADY X design is available also in power-elastic nylon net, and sells at 5 guineas.

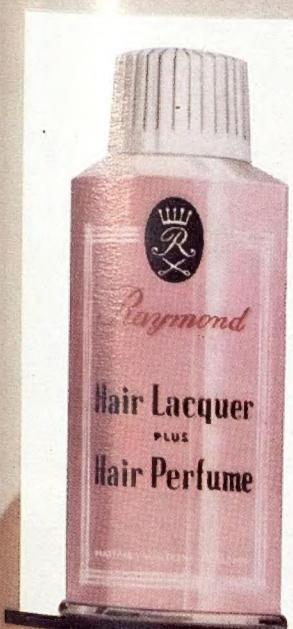
There is also a shorter (dipped front) model, made in sizes from 25" to 31", at 69/6.

Raymond

says:



3/9
and
8/-



13/4



8/-

"The Hurricane Line hair-style.

Accented by my

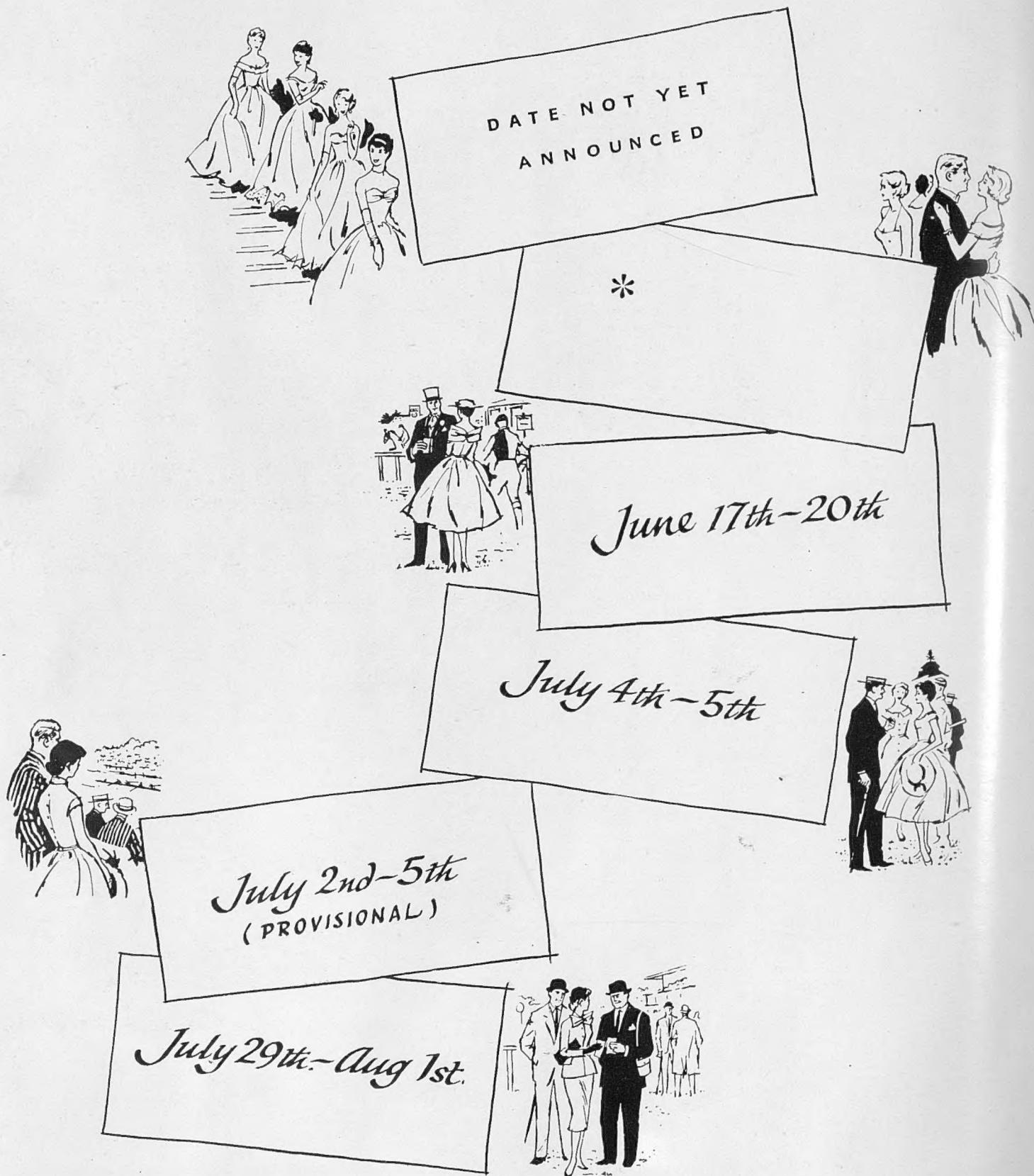
Summer Rose Colour Rinse and

my Lacquer, and worn with my

Liquid Make-up — all obtainable

at Chemists and Stores and at my

The 1958 season ...



* and there are still a few dates free for debutante dances
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